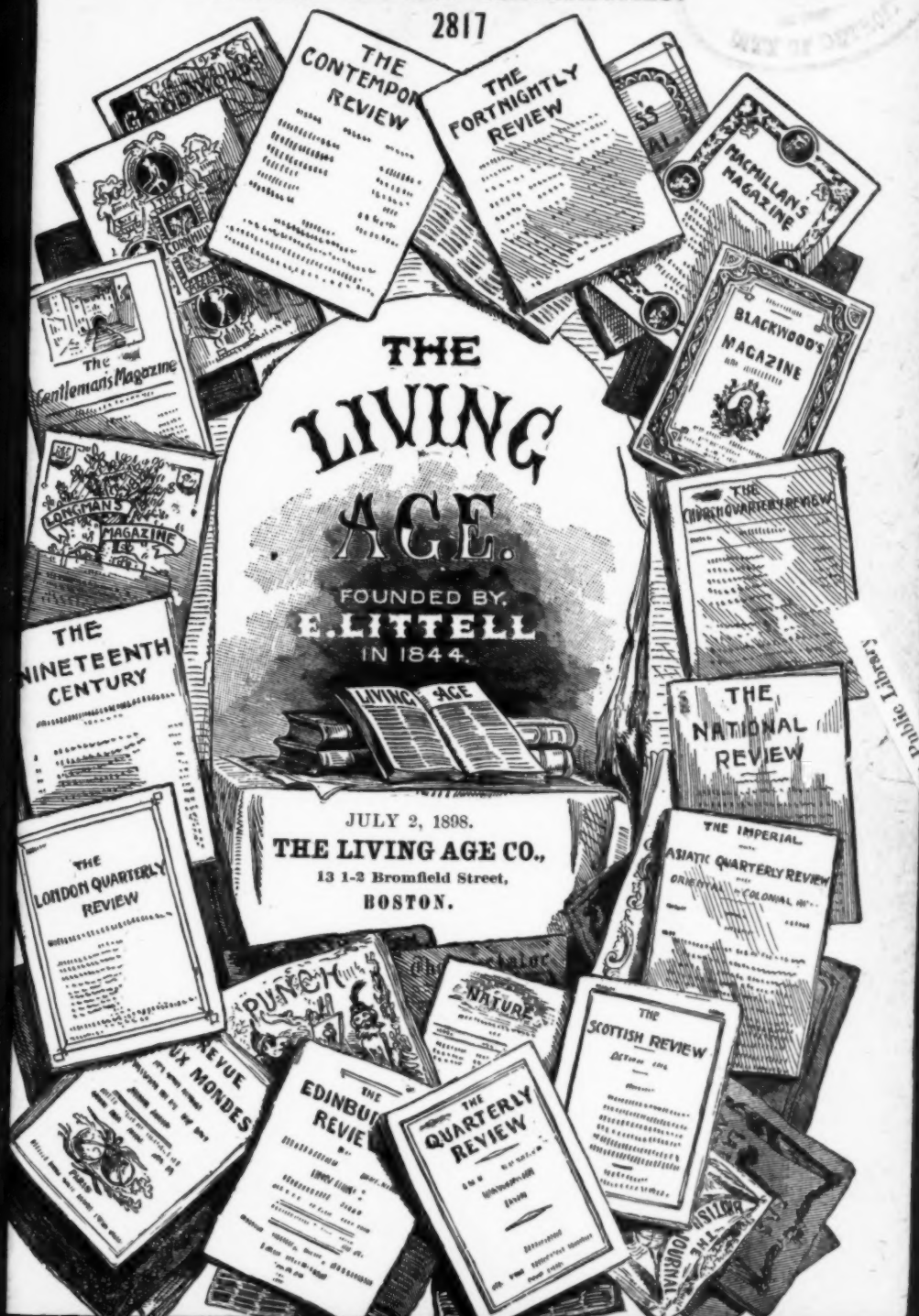


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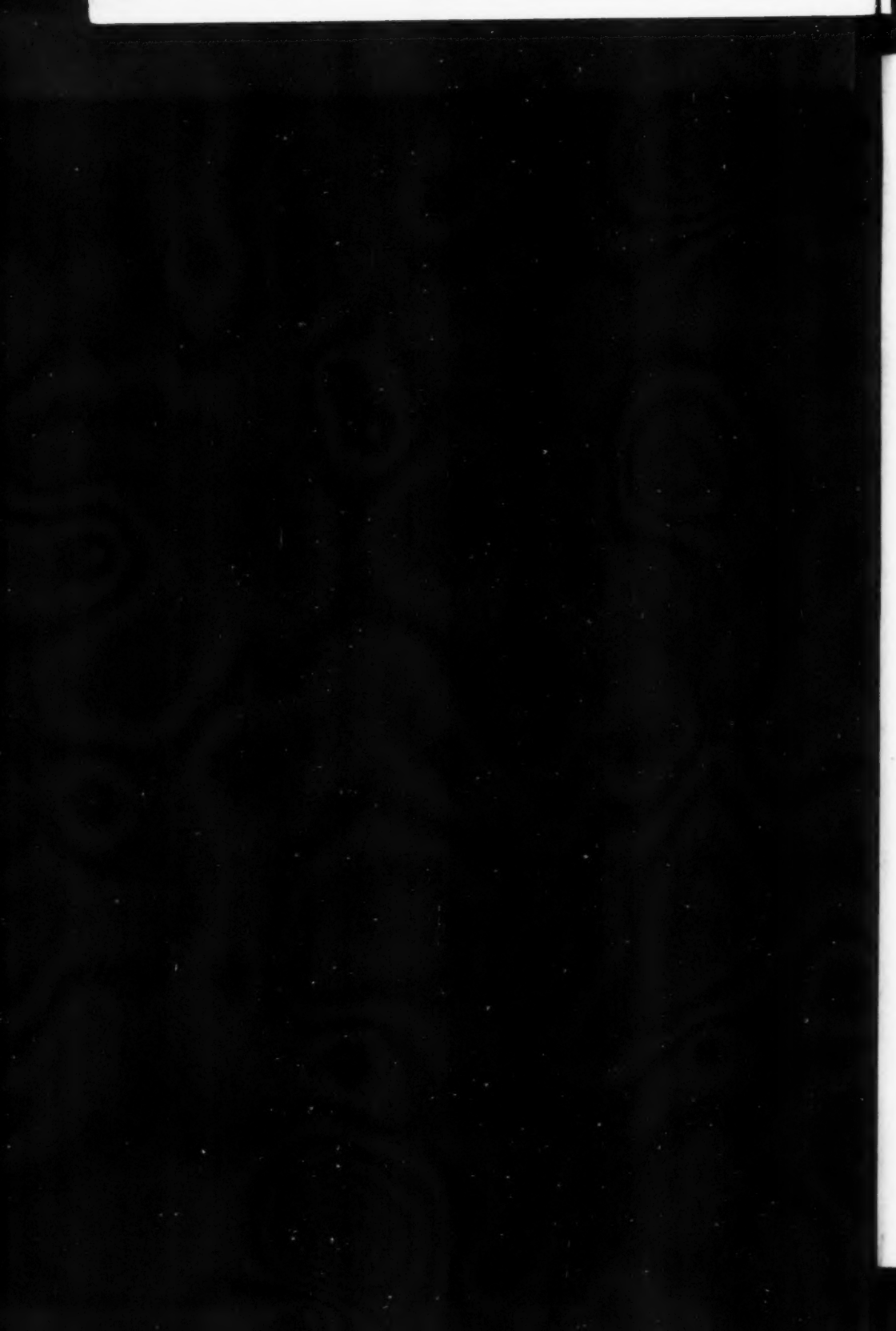
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Volume XIX.

No. 2817—July 2, 1898.

From Beginning,
Vol. CXXVIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
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AT SUNSET.

A sounding rain at dawn to-day
 In silver flashes earthward rang;
 Then slow, huge clouds, distressful, grey,
 Hid all the laughing blue away,
 And draggled birds no longer sang.

But now at eve the sounding rain,
 Which fell at dawn, like silver ringing,
 Returns in pomp to heaven again;
 Purple and gold adorn its train,
 And all the happy birds are singing.

IN A COLLEGE SETTLEMENT.

The sights and sounds of the wretched
 street
 Oppressed me, and I said: "We cheat
 Our hearts with hope. Man, sunken,
 lies
 In vice; and naught that's fair or sweet
 Finds further favor in his eyes.

"Vainly we strive, in sanguine mood,
 To elevate a savage brood
 Which from the cradle, sordid, dull,
 No longer has a wish for good,
 Or craving for the beautiful."

I said; but chiding my despair,
 My wiser friend just pointed where,
 By some indifferent passer thrown
 Upon a heap of ashes bare,
 The loose leaves of a rose were sown.

And I, 'twixt tenderness and doubt,
 Beheld, while pity grew devout,
 A squalid and uneager child,
 With careful fingers picking out
 The scentless petals, dust-defiled.

And straight I seemed to see a close,
 With hawthorn hedged and brier-rose;
 And, bending down, I whispered,
 "Dear,
 Come, let us fly, while no one knows,
 To the country—far away from here!"

Upon the little world-worn face
 There dawned a look of wistful grace,
 Then came the question that for hours
 Still followed me from place to place:
 "Real country, where you can catch
 flowers?"

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

A MESSAGE.

Wind from the east, O Lapwing of the
 day,
 I send thee to my Lady, though the way
 Is far to Saba, where I bid thee fly;
 Lest in the dust thy tameless wings
 should lie,
 Broken with grief, I send thee to thy
 nest,

Fidelity.

Or far or near there is no halting-place
 Upon Love's road—absent, I see thy face,
 And in thine ear my wind-blown greet-
 ings sound,
 North winds and east waft them where
 they are bound,
 Each morn and eve convoys of greeting
 fair

I send to thee.

Unto mine eyes a stranger, thou that art
 A comrade ever-present to my heart,
 What whispered prayers and what full
 meed of praise

I send to thee.

Lest Sorrow's army waste thy heart's
 domain,
 I send my life to bring thee peace again,
 Dear life, thy ransom! From thy singers
 learn
 How one that longs for thee may weep
 and burn;
 Sonnets and broken words, sweet notes
 and songs

I send to thee.

From the Divan of Hafiz. Translated by Ger-
 trude Lewthian Bell.

PROLOGUE: BEFORE THE THEATRE.

How well we play our parts! Do you
 ever guess,
 You as you sit on the footlights' fortu-
 nate side,
 That we, we haply falter with weariness,
 And haply the cheeks are pale that the
 blush-paints hide,
 And haply we crave to be gone from out
 of your sight,
 And to say to the author: O our master
 and friend,
 Dear author, let us off for a night, one
 night!
 Then we will come back, and play our
 parts to the end?

The Dome.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

From The Edinburgh Review.
RECENT SOLAR ECLIPSES.¹

As one total eclipse succeeds another, scores of elaborately equipped travellers, eager for experiment and discovery, "post o'er land and ocean" towards the scene of the phenomenon—too often towards the scene of disappointment. Astronomers, of all men, should be versed in the philosophy of frustration. Their absolute dependence upon weather would alone suffice to lend fragility to their most cherished hopes; and these are compromised in other ways as well. At critical moments of performance or observation, the human organism becomes perilously unstable; the brain is apt to play mischievous tricks, the nerves to collapse, the self-conscious will to desert its supreme post. Add the probability of accidents, the perversity of "the unexpected," the cross-grained texture of the general web of things, and it ceases to be surprising that "the best-laid schemes" of celestial research are sometimes doomed to futility. We need only recall an adventure of M. Janssen, the founder of the Mont Blanc Observatory. A total eclipse of the sun was due in Southern Europe and Northern Africa on December 22, 1870. He was shut up in Paris. Exit there was none by land or water. So, like the Irishman who preferred "his own post-shay" to either element, he had recourse to a special vehicle. Soaring in a balloon above the Prussian lines, he reached Oran in safety with the "organic parts" of a

newly devised instrument; yet to no purpose. Over the long-anticipated conjunction of the sun and moon clouds drew an impenetrable veil. It was, however, capriciously rent elsewhere; and through its tatters Professor Young made, at his Spanish station, his celebrated discovery of the "reversing layer," while Sir Norman Lockyer, in Sicily, was rewarded for shipwreck in the "Psyche" with a glimpse of the corona, lasting one second and a half! Left in abeyance for the Indian eclipse of 1871, and the American eclipse of 1878, the meteorological veto was unmercifully enforced on August 19, 1887, when English and American astronomers crowded towards the shadow track near Moscow, only to see a grey firmament of hopeless uniformity. Two years later the records of the Cayenne eclipse were darkened by the tragedy of Father Perry's death. The pestilential climate of Salut claimed not only his life, but his results; for the plates which, struggling with mortal illness, he successfully exposed, but was unable to develop, were spoilt by the reeking heat. Better fortune attended the event of April 16, 1893, the first of a trio of recent eclipses which we propose more particularly to consider.

Professor Langley, of Washington, reproduces, in the following words, the "mental photograph" involuntarily taken by him of the totality of August 7, 1869:—

First, the black body of the moon advanced slowly on the sun, as we have all seen it do in partial eclipses, without anything noticeable appearing; nor till the sun was very nearly covered did the light of day about us seem much diminished. But when the sun's face was reduced to a very narrow crescent, the change was sudden and startling, for the light which fell on us not only dwindled rapidly, but became of a kind unknown before, so that a pallid appearance overspread the face of the earth with an ugly livid hue; and as this strange wanness increased, a cold seemed to come with it. The impression was of something *unnatural*; but there was only a moment to note it, for the sun went out as suddenly as a blown-out gas-jet, and I became as sud-

1. "Recent and Coming Eclipses." By Sir Norman Lockyer, K.C.B., F.R.S. London: 1897.

2. "The Total Eclipse of the Sun, April 16, 1893." By J. Norman Lockyer, C.B., F.R.S. "Philosophical Transactions," vol. clxxxvii. London: 1896.

3. "Observations de l'Eclipse Totale du Soleil du 16 avril 1893." Par M. H. Deslandres. Paris: 1896.

4. "Die totale Sonnenfinsterniss am 9. August 1896." Von A. Béliopsky. "Bulletin de l'Académie Impériale des Sciences de Saint-Petersbourg," tome iv. No. 4. Saint-Petersbourg: 1897.

5. "Total Eclipse of the Sun, 1896; the Novaya Zemlya Observations." By Sir George Baden-Powell, K.C.M.G., M.P. "Philosophical Transactions," vol. exc. London: 1897.

denly aware that all around, where it had been, there had been growing into vision a kind of ghostly radiance composed of separate pearly beams, looking distinct each from each, as though the black circle where the sun once was bristled with pale streamers, stretching far away from it in a sort of crown. This was the mysterious corona, only seen during the brief moments while the shadow is flying overhead.¹

The scientific value of these occurrences consists in their efficacy for the abolition of that atmospheric glare by which the sun's filmy appendages are ordinarily obliterated. From an airless earth they would be perpetually visible, relieved against the utter blackness of the unpavilioned heavens. All day and every day the delicate splendor of the corona and the blaze of the chromosphere and prominences at its base could be observed by merely shielding the eye from direct sunlight. Even solar physicists, however, must breathe; so that this astronomically ideal state of things would be attended by material disadvantages. Yet withal some approach has, by spectroscopic means, been made towards its realization. White light can be dispersed and indefinitely weakened by refraction, while colored rays stand their ground, and thus gain more and more in relative strength. This principle has been made available for the study of the solar chromosphere with its vast outliers, known as "protuberances," or "prominences." For they shine with isolated beams; and their variously tinted spectroscopic images hence come easily into view at the edge of the sun as the effacing sky-illumination fades out through diffusion. They come not only into ocular but into photographic view. Within the last seven years Professor Hale at Chicago, and M. Deslandres at Paris, have succeeded in perfectly vanquishing the difficulties which long delayed the attainment of this most desirable result; and the sun's fantastic garniture of flame can now be portrayed in the violet calcium light, which is its strongest emanation, in full sunshine,

amid the dazzle of noontide, by a brief and simple operation.

To a certain extent, then, investigations of the sun's surroundings are pursued apart from eclipses. But a wide field of inquiry still remains inaccessible, except under cover of the lunar shadow. Among others the alluring problem of the corona is situated within its borders. So far the silvery streamers of this wonderful aureola have baffled every attempt to discern or depict them in daylight. Their apparition is reserved exclusively for the fleeting moments of totality, which are accordingly devoted, in large proportion, to coronal photography. This is an art *sui generis*. The conditions for its successful practice are complex and peculiar; and since they can be experimented upon only during a few score of seconds at a time, and by any given individual rarely more than twice or thrice in his life, its progress is necessarily slow. The regulation of photographic action has been one main source of embarrassment. The brightness of the corona varies greatly in its different parts, while its furthest extensions, instead of being sharply outlined, melt away into the surviving faint illumination of the sky. Hence no single exposure will give a satisfactory picture of the entire object. If long enough to bring out its divergent beams, it cannot but be too long for the distinct recording of the details of structure at their base, which get effaced by their own lustre—lost in a fog of "solarization." The remedy against this inconvenience is to take a series of photographs with "graded" exposures, proceeding from half a second to perhaps forty seconds. The useful limit naturally is different for different instruments, but is in all cases soon reached. More plates have been spoilt by getting an over-allowance than an under-allowance of time. The upshot of this process is a *sectional* representation of the corona, from which a skilful draughtsman can piece together one valuable and authentic likeness.

Questions relating to the corona are of two separate kinds. The first are concerned with its laws of construction,

¹ The New Astronomy, p. 40.

the second with its laws of change. They might be classified as statical and dynamical. A few explanatory words may serve to accentuate the distinction.

The sun is wrapped in a cocoon of light, called the "photosphere." This is the bounding surface of our everyday luminary, and is probably formed by the condensation of mounting vapors, which, having there discharged a heavy cargo of heat, descend in ceaseless circulation to get refreighted below. At times these operations are carried on with apparent tranquillity, and the solar cocoon remains entire; at others it is broken by tumultuous action, and presents a spotted aspect. The alternation is periodical in about eleven years, and has its cause deep down in the solar constitution; but what the nature of that cause may be, remains to be discovered. Even the earth, through its magnetic and auroral system, feels the pulse of change; much more does it evoke vicissitudes in the sun's immediate appurtenances.

The eclipsed sun shows to the naked eye a scarlet border, named, from the vividness of its color, the "chromosphere." It represents an envelope some four or five thousand miles deep, composed of glowing gases, chiefly hydrogen, helium and vapor of calcium, its blazing appearance being due to the predominance in its light of the red ray of hydrogen. To telescopic scrutiny it discloses a veritable flame texture, and a surface jagged and rent, "like a prairie on fire," to use Professor Langley's simile. Only the vegetation is of the Tartarean order, with red-hot spikes and steely blades for foliage. Although relatively calm at the sun's epochs of tranquillity, the chromosphere never subsides into the repose of equilibrium; and, as solar agitation culminates, it surges into more than the wildness of an *Oceanus Procellarum*. "The appearance," writes Professor Young, "which probably indicates a fact, is as if countless jets of heated gas were issuing through vents and spiracles over the whole surface, thus clothing it with flame which heaves and tosses like the blaze of a conflagration." From the

glaring mass rise, in lucent crimson and rosy hues, the strange objects first noticed by Vassenius in 1733. Prominences are of two genera and innumerable species. The "quiescent" sort occur in all solar latitudes. They often simulate clouds—cirrus, cumulus and stratus—or they fringe the limb as if with groves and tropical forests, or tower up from it in "horns" a hundred thousand miles high. "Eruptive" prominences, on the other hand, are confined to the "spot zones," and belong to the proper paraphernalia of spots.

Their form and appearance [in the words of the same eminent observer]¹ change with great rapidity, so that the motion can almost be seen with the eye. . . . Sometimes they consist of pointed rays, diverging in all directions like hedgehog spines. Sometimes they look like flames, sometimes like sheaves of grain, sometimes like whirling water-spouts capped with a great cloud; occasionally they present most exactly the appearance of jets of liquid fire, rising and falling in graceful parabolas; frequently they carry on their edges spirals like the volutes of an Ionic column; and continually they detach filaments which rise to a great elevation, gradually expanding and growing fainter as they ascend until the eye loses them.

A few have a merely transient existence, due to some fierce convulsion at their bases. They might be called flame-geysers on a portentous scale. No stranger sight than their upspringing is given to human eyes to witness. Torrents of incandescent vapor are perceived spectroscopically to mount upward at exorbitant rates of speed to altitudes of a quarter of a million of miles, or more, from the generating stratum. But the toppling edifices thus reared amid elemental *Sturm und Drang* make only a phantasmal show; half an hour often suffices for their development and decay. These prodigious explosions take place only when the sun is generally agitated; and ordinary eruptive prominences also conform, in number and violence, to the rise and fall of spot frequency.

¹ Young, "The Sun," p. 224, ed. of 1897.

The corresponding alterations of the corona are well assured, if of a kind antecedently improbable. No sooner has the total phase of eclipse set in than this immense effluence starts abruptly into view, a lustrous and insistent apparition, yet, as regards quantity of contained matter, scarcely more than a decorative unreality—the baseless fabric of a dream. A fabric, none the less, produced by the play of definitely directed and powerful forces. The solar aureola is no mere vague luminosity, but a finely wrought texture, a patterned woof of shining filaments. The disposition of each has a meaning, to elicit which is the primary object of eclipse-observations. In making them, as we have said, the chemical is very largely substituted for the human retina, with overwhelming advantage for the purposes of the research.

By photographic means, too, the quality of coronal light can best be investigated. It proves to be exceedingly mixed. That an unknown gas, designated "coronium," pervades the appendage, a tell-tale bright green ray credibly informs us. But white emissions, derived from minute solid or liquid particles, incandescent on their own account, and reflecting as well the intense solar glow, tend to efface this characteristic spectral feature, and have so far rendered abortive experiments in daylight coronal photography by Sir William Huggins's differential method. Their ultimate success, however, need not be despaired of, since it depends upon peculiarities of the coronal spectrum, acquaintance with which is still nascent. It can be improved only as the counted moments of totality slip by. What is to be performed outside of eclipses must be prepared during them.

Until the corona can be induced to portray itself in sunshine, the history of its cyclical variations must remain, to some extent, undivulged. Their actual occurrence was first rendered obvious by the unusual aspect of the eclipsed sun, July 29, 1878. The beamy stellate corona of 1870 and 1871 had on that

occasion yielded its place to a totally diverse structure; for the solar poles were closely set with short, sharp, divergent rays, resembling the lines of force in a magnetic field; while enormous wing-like masses stretched along the equatorial plane, traceable, in the azure skies of the Rocky Mountains, to a distance of ten or twelve million miles. Indeed, they reached no definite end, but, presumably, became merged in the dim phosphorescence of the zodiacal light. Now, at that time the sun was in a state of profound calm; and it was remembered that, near the last minimum epoch, in August, 1867, a similar corona had been drawn and described by Grosch, of Santiago, while the "compass-card" aureola had invariably appeared when spots were numerous. The hypothesis of associated change, suggested by the late Mr. Cowper Ranyard, has since been fully tested and approved. During the sun's most active stages coronal streamers issue in all latitudes, although with particular emphasis from above the spot zones: then gradually, as disturbance abates, they leave the poles, now seen to be tufted with brush-like emanations, and meet and expand indefinitely at the equator. The alteration in shape is accompanied by a partial decline in brilliancy, the noted green line especially fading to the verge of extinction, as the minimum type is evolved. The corona thus sympathizes markedly and methodically with the general state of the sun. Its modifications run their course in the eleven-year spot-period, and appear to be accomplished by gradations as insensible as those of organic growth. When disclosed to our view by the moon's interposition, it indeed wears an aspect of ghostly stillness. Its lustrous aigrettes seem of crystalline rigidity. Yet inconceivably swift movements may be progressing within them. Or they may be liable to shattering convulsions, bringing about the collapse of their fragile forms. Our observations of them are so brief and widely separated as to leave ample room for intervening catastrophes. The occasional possibility, then, of making

them virtually continuous for some hours counts for a great deal.

One such opportunity was lost through the failure of the Russian eclipse of 1887; the next presented itself six years later. On April 16, 1893, the shadow path of the moon—a track about one hundred miles wide—traversed South America diagonally from Chile to Ceara, crossed the Atlantic, and, having struck land again on the Senegambian coast between Cape Verde and Bathurst, finally left the earth in the Sahara, beyond Timbuctoo. Early and late observations of the event, at an interval of above three hours, were thus practicable; and the question of rapid coronal change might at least get a qualified and provisional answer. Its occurrence, too, might well be deemed more probable at an epoch of maximum spot-frequency, such as the year 1893. The obscuration was, moreover, long, and the prospect as to weather encouraging. These propitious circumstances stimulated the zeal of preparation. The line of totality was beset in two continents. The Andes were in American occupation; English and French parties took up stations on opposite shores of the Atlantic. The upshot was of scarcely checkered prosperity. In Africa, Brazil and Chili rich harvests of photographs and "spectrographs" were garnered. Professor Schaeberle alone secured fifty-two pictures of the corona, including a fine set with exposures varied from a quarter of a second to thirty-two seconds. They were on the large scale of $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the solar diameter, having been taken with a 40-foot telescope, transported from the Lick Observatory southward, through 66 degrees of latitude, to the desolate mining camp of Mina Bronces, 6,600 feet above the Pacific. They showed an aureola of remarkable brilliancy and of pronounced maximum type. There were no equatorial extensions, no polar tentacles; luminous sheaves and arches impartially surrounded the entire disk. The anticipated effacement of the stamp impressed upon the corona photographed by Barnard and Burnham at the beginning and end of 1889—a year

of minimum sun spots—had been accomplished. But, while this general prevision of fact was amply justified, particular predictions, based upon hypotheses of coronal formation, remained unfulfilled. The intricate details visible upon the Mina Bronces plates gave no countenance either to Schaeberle's "mechanical theory" or to Bigelow's "magnetic theory." The mystery of the corona subsisted as inscrutably as before.

Among the accessions to Professor Schaeberle's party was Mr. Aubertin, translator of the sonnets of Camoens. The eventful morning at Mina Bronces, he tells us, was "resplendent;" the air "absolutely pellucid; and the one grand, overwhelming figure was the symmetrical corona, of a deep, circular margin, extending all round into vallances or festoons of lovely texture." Having witnessed the eclipse of 1870, he was able to compare the celestial pageants.

They present to my memory [he wrote] a most remarkable contrast—that of 1870 wild, boding, threatening, and compound in effects; that of 1893 exquisite in delicacy, and in purity and elegance complete. The actual darkness produced in 1870 was impressive; here it was of a mild type. The scenery all round, with the conical shadow approaching from the west over the closely grouped brown, dry, russet-tinged mountains, added sublimity to the mighty phenomenon.

The planets Mercury, Venus and Jupiter shone out splendidly during totality; but Sirius appears to have been the only star visible. There was evidently much more light abroad than is given by a full moon. The onrush of the moon's shadow, at the rate of a mile in two seconds, produced, in the serene mountain air, less than its usual awesome effect.

Some valuable photographic work was done in duplicate by the members of the English expeditions, organized on a uniform plan by the Joint Committee of the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies. Sergeant Kearney and Mr. Albert Taylor, at Fundum in West Africa, and at Para Curu in Brazil, respectively, exposed picture-plates dur-

ing totality with similar lenses; while Mr. Fowler and Mr. Shackleton, both assistants in the Solar Physics Department, South Kensington, employed the "prismatic camera" at the same places. This instrument, the application of which to eclipse investigations is largely due to Sir Norman Lockyer, consists essentially of a prism placed in front of an object glass, a plate-holder being substituted for an eye-piece. Owing to the absence of a slit, the monochromatic images photographed by it are not "lines," as with an ordinary spectro-scope, but actual figures of the objects emitting discontinuous or particolored rays. Thus the prominences come out, on the plates it exposes, in their proper shapes, repeated along the entire prismatic range in correspondence with their variously colored emissions; while the green coronal ray and certain violet companion beams assert themselves, although feebly, as wide rings, half lost in a formless effulgence of dispersed white light. The result went to show that the spectrum of the corona, and therefore its chemistry, differs entirely from that of the chromosphere and prominences. No "known lines," in fact, are included in it. Neither the great "H" and "K," predominant in chromospheric radiations, nor a single member of the rhythmical hydrogen series, or the sextuple helium series, belongs by right to the enigmatical halo, although a coronal origin had previously, through the deceptive effect of atmospheric light-scattering, been attributed to some of them.

The discrimination, significant in itself, is indispensable to research. For lack of it M. Deslandres, of the Paris Observatory, was misled into a pseudo-discovery of coronal rotation. From his station on the Salum River he measured, during the four minutes of obscurity, supposed opposite displacements in "H" and "K" on opposite sides of the sun, and deduced from them an axial movement in the appendage according with that of the globe it surrounds. But there is little doubt that the "H" and "K" he dealt with were diffusion-lines, mischievously brought within the

purview of his spectroscope by the hazy Senegambian air. Nevertheless his pioneering experiments were not made in vain. The subject of them, once lifted into notice, is too interesting to be let drop. It has become "of the order of the day."

The strictly comparable photographs of the corona taken, during the eclipse of 1893, at Fundium and Para Curù gave negative evidence of its immobility and invariability. During the seventy interposed minutes no alteration was recorded in its contour, or in the tissue of its interwoven filaments. Between the exposure of the American and English plates about twice that time had elapsed, and the result of confronting them was more dubious. The representations were on a very different scale; they had been obtained under dissimilar conditions of climate and method, and hence could not easily be brought into line, feature by feature. This was unlucky; for on Schaeberle's photographs a peculiar structure was detected,¹ probably coronal, but "claimed" as a comet, and, indeed, officially stamped as such by the bestowal of a comet-medal upon its discoverer. Confirmatory evidence as to its nature was thought to be derived from its identification, effected with the utmost difficulty on the Brazilian and African negatives, in situations progressively more remote from the sun;² but the object measured, whether cometary or coronal, was of the last degree of faintness, and scarcely to be distinguished from a photographic flaw. The movements attributed to it, if real, lend color to suspicions of revolutionary change within the substance of the solar halo. They can hardly have belonged to an intruding body.

For the next chance of prosecuting the curious researches suggested by the event of April 16, 1893, astronomers had to wait three years and a half; and the chance, when it came, was an outside one. The eclipse of August 9, 1896, was singularly ill-conditioned. Its visi-

¹ "Astronomy and Astro-Physics," No. 124, p. 307.

² Wesley, "Observatory," vol. xvii., p. 349.

bility began in the Arctic regions of Norway and Finmark, advanced, as the day went on, through Siberia, and finished in the afternoon at Yezo, the northernmost island of the Japanese archipelago. Everywhere menaced with the likelihood of overcast skies, its maximum duration in the total phase fell short of one hundred and seventy seconds; yet observers were never more numerous or more enthusiastic, nor is there any more notable instance on record of the courageous organization of an all but desperate scientific campaign. Professor Schaeberle travelled with his forty-foot lens across the Pacific to Japan. Professor Todd, of Amherst College, carried thither in Captain James's yacht, "Coronet," twenty instruments, worked by a system of electric control, and timed to yield automatically four hundred coronal photographs, which remained in the limbo of things that might have been. All over Yezo clouds were virtually prohibitive. They interposed between M. Deslandres and the half-visionary halo, of which he had proposed to test the rotation. "Zero" was the concise telegram announcing from Kushiro the result of a varied programme of enquiry, planned by the Astronomer Royal, Professor Turner, and Captain Hills. Dr. Common and their other intending co-operators at Vadsö, half round the world, were equally unfortunate; while, at points not far distant, such as Bodö on the west coast of Norway, abandoned to amateurs as not worth the *waste* of experts, a cynical destiny showed the eclipse with its amazing accessories in a clear sky.

Sir Norman Lockyer pitched his camp on the little ice-worn island of Klö, in the Varanger Fjord, with H.M.S. "Volage" for a base of operations; and, in the volume quoted at the head of this article, he gives an animated account of the "eclipse drills" by which he disciplined a number of volunteers from among her officers and crew. But, although the final performance was duly gone through when the "swoop of the shadow" made itself "felt" through the clouds, it proved as purely nominal as

the "full-dress rehearsal" of the previous afternoon. Before 6 A. M. the one hundred and five inestimable seconds had passed, and left a blank record. On the northern shore of the same fiord, where Dr. Copeland, the Scottish Astronomer Royal, Dr. Common, Sir Robert Ball, and numerous members of the British Astronomical Association were stationed, the disaster was equally complete.

Meanwhile, by a singular stroke of success made within Arctic penetralia, the situation had been saved. The possibility of a clearance, during one particular two minutes, in the chronic sea fog and sleet drift of Novaya Zemlya would have been neglected as infinitesimal by British astronomers but for Sir George Baden-Powell's spirited yachting voyage in the "Otaria." It was shared by Dr. Stone, the late Radcliffe Observer, and by Mr. Shackleton, whose line of work was laid down by Sir Norman Lockyer. No trifling hardships were endured; the ship barely escaped foundering; and Lear himself might at times have been brought to "tax the elements with unkindness." But all was forgotten at half-past six on August 9, in the rapture of seeing the desolate landscape lit up by the sun's slant rays, and of watching their gradual extinction as the moon ate its way into the disc; until, with a hurricane flight of shadow from the sea, the breathless moment of totality arrived. It was greeted by Mr. Shackleton with a snap-shot, which just hit the mark. Using a three-inch prismatic camera, he exposed instantaneously a plate, which on development was found to bear the record of the "flash-spectrum." In other words, the "reversing layer" had at last been photographed.

As already mentioned, it was first seen by Young on December 22, 1870. He had adjusted the slit of his spectro-scope so as almost to graze the sun's limb; then, simultaneously with the vanishing of the last scintilla of direct sunshine, "all at once, as suddenly as a bursting rocket shoots out its stars, the whole field of view," he relates, "was filled with bright lines, more numerous

than one could count. The phenomenon was so sudden, so unexpected and so wonderfully beautiful as to force an involuntary exclamation."

It has always since, at the beginning and end of total obscurations, been looked for, and often perceived; yet observers are never adequately prepared for the brevity and brilliancy of an apparition lasting scarcely longer than a couple of pulse-beats. Their almost unanimous persuasion has been that it completely reversed the Fraunhofer spectrum; to every dark solar line it appeared to supply a vivid counterpart. "Persuasions," however, are not evidence; they need documentary verification. Hence the importance of securing a photograph of the rainbow flash at the edge of the eclipsed sun. It was not, indeed, easily come by. More than a quarter of a century elapsed before the critical instant was seized. The permanent impression at last secured by Mr. Shackleton carried, however, a decisive meaning. It was found, on examination, to include several hundred lines of emission matching Fraunhofer lines of absorption. The inverse picture was exact, apart from some minor differences. It represented a true "reversing layer."

This result of the eclipse of 1896 strikes heavily at Sir Norman Lockyer's hypothesis of chemical dissociation in the sun; for it excludes the stratification of absorbing vapors, which is its corollary. As our readers are aware, the solar spectrum is traversed by many thousands of fine dark lines, first mapped by Joseph Fraunhofer of Munich. They constitute, it might be said, a treatise on solar chemistry written in cypher. And the key, long sought, was found by Gustav Kirchhoff in 1859. It was found through his discovery of the strict correlation of emission and absorption. This means that every glowing vapor gives out certain definite rays peculiar to itself, and intercepts the same from transmitted continuous light. The Fraunhofer spectrum, being a shadow-script on a bright ground, implies the possession by the sun of a heterogeneous absorbing at-

mosphere, made up of substances—thirty-six of which have been identified—cooler, indeed, than the photosphere, yet blazing with distinctive colored beams. When the photosphere is covered by the moon, these accordingly show out in dazzling array. Hence the spectroscopic "flash" at eclipse "contacts."

Now, in Sir Norman Lockyer's view, terrestrial elements are broken up by the transcendental heat of the sun into an indefinite number of subtler constituents, distributed through different regions, their affinities being in abeyance near the photosphere, but coming into play higher up, helped by the cold from space. The dusky solar lines should, in this case, own most diversified origins; they should, in the theorist's words, be "produced, not at one level, but at various levels, the absorption at all the levels being added together to give us the complete result." And again: "The Fraunhofer spectrum integrates the absorption of all the layers of the solar atmosphere. These layers are due to more and more complex associations of molecules, with decrease of temperature outwards."¹

Piecemeal absorption is thus inseparable from solar dissociation, with which the existence of a *bona fide* reversing layer is inconsistent. But such, unmistakably, is the stratum self-pictured at Novaya Zemlya. It contains, we need not fear to assert, the metals and metalloids of our every-day acquaintance in a state of integrity, and emitting almost identical radiations with those derived from the same substances when vaporized in the electric arc. We say "almost," for instructive, though relatively minute, distinctions are apparent, the full bearings of which have yet to be determined. It may, however, be added that the recent opening up of certain new vistas of experience, widely separated from the range of facts just glanced at, has greatly diminished the probability that elemental disruption belongs to the *modus operandi* of nature.

From an examination of four nega-

¹ Chemistry of the Sun, pp. 308, 361.

tives taken by Sir George Baden-Powell, Mr. W. H. Wesley¹ drew some interesting conclusions regarding the corona of 1896. The anticipation that it would prove of an intermediate character was fully verified. With the decline of solar activity the maximum type of 1893 had lost decisiveness, while the minimum type remained embryonic. Its complete development will probably be witnessed on the occasion of the eclipse of 1900. The periodicity of coronal forms was, moreover, illustrated by the striking likeness between the aureolas of 1885, 1886 and 1896. All showed polar rifts filled in with bristling filaments of light; all were more or less regularly quadrilateral in shape, and symmetrical relatively to the sun's axis, the greatest extensions being situated in middle latitudes; in the two latter, one oblique ray dominated the rest. This feature assumed extraordinary proportions in the corona of 1896. A photograph taken by M. Hansky, a member of the Russian expedition to Novaya Zemlya, depicted an enormous compound beam, stretching northwestward to a distance of close upon two millions of miles from the limb, hollow, as he judged from its interior darkness, like the other "closed" streamers on his plate, and, like them too, with a conspicuous prominence at its core. This *nuclear* connection between coronal rays and prominences, indicated at more than one previous eclipse, was specially emphasized in 1896. The novel trait was added of dark veinings,² formed into branching systems, and joined into a kind of circuit with certain dusky borderings to prominences, evidently of the same nature. They were explained by M. Hansky, in a valuable discussion of the Russian photographs, as jets and outflows of hydrogen, cooled by expansion.³ However this might be, nothing could well be clearer than their *de facto* existence. They asserted themselves

irrespectively of conditions of exposure, quality of plates or power of telescope. Mr. Wesley was no less struck with them than M. Hansky.

"The detail," he remarks, "on the eastern side of the corona is extremely complex and interesting." A

Hook-shaped ray, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ minutes (67,000 miles) high, springs from a small prominence, and is distinctly bounded by a narrow, dark space or outline. A large double-headed prominence is similarly outlined, the outline exactly following its contours. Apparently standing upon this prominence is a singular, dark, elliptical ring, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ by 2 minutes, its longer axis nearly radially directed. From the top of the ring rises a thin, tapering ray, curved towards the south. South of the bright prominence are small rays which appear cut across by dark veins at heights of 2 and 3 minutes from the limb. Further south the great mass is broken up in a manner entirely unusual. The solar corona usually appears composed of overlapping rays emanating from the sun, but here it appears to be also broken up by dark channels into flocculent-looking masses, giving to it somewhat of the *curdled* appearance of some parts of the nebula in Orion. The great mass is roughly divided into a northern and southern portion by an irregular gap or dark stream, commencing at the top of a mass of rays about 6 minutes (160,000 miles) from the limb. This gap turns towards the north, then curves east, and is lost at a height of about 17 minutes (nearly half a million of miles). The base of the equatorial mass is filled by rays having much-contorted forms. It is impossible to resist the impression that this portion of the corona is torn by violent storms or perturbations.

The conjecture is plausible. The dependence, implied by the photographs, of coronal structure upon prominence development argues its fragility, and suggests violent, even cataclysmic, change. But under present circumstances we are unable to trace its progress. The veil of daylight remains impenetrable. It was, however, once more withdrawn on January 22, 1898. The moon's shadow on that day swept across the Indian peninsula, along a

¹ Phil. Trans. vol. exc., p. 202.

² Possibly analogous to the "black lines" across the "anvil protuberance" observed by Swift on August 7, 1869.

³ Bulletin de l'Acad. des Sciences de Saint-Petersbourg, t. vi., p. 254. Mars 1897.

track fifty miles wide and a thousand in length, from Ratnagiri and Vizladrug, on the Bombay coast, through Hyderabad and Bengal, over the Himalayas into Thibet. Totality lasted, on an average, about two minutes; but the unclouded heavens virtually enlarged the time-limit by permitting the points of observation to be almost indefinitely multiplied. For it was known beforehand that the atmosphere might for once be relied upon as an ally. Results, accordingly, were secured in extraordinary profusion and of unprecedented variety. Ambitious programmes did not, as commonly happens, leave performance far in the lurch. Scarcely an instrument failed to do its duty. The record of success was unbroken. For many months to come the accumulated materials will occupy investigators in three continents. The camera was well-nigh exclusively used to obtain them. At all the stations dead silence was only interrupted by such exclamations as "Snap!" "Go!" "Expose!" superposed upon an intimidating count of the still available seconds. Only Sir Norman Lockyer, who at Vizladrug enjoyed the co-operation of Captain Batten, R.N., and commanded the zeal of the crew of the "Melpomene," could afford to institute miscellaneous observations. His special concern, however, was with the prismatic camera. Two powerful instruments of the kind supplied about sixty "spectrographs," of which forty are distributed over four "dropping-plates." These were arranged so as to descend automatically an inch a second during ten seconds at the beginning and end of totality, impressions of the "flash" being thus infallibly secured. They likewise fell to the share of Professor Naegamvala at Jewar, and of Mr. Evershed at Talni; so that for a thorough acquaintance with this interesting appearance, only the completion of some sets of delicate measurements is required.

The sky round the eclipsed sun was this year unusually luminous, perhaps in consequence of the wide diffusion of dust at a great elevation. The "dragon Rahû," at any rate, proved remarkably

placable. No "thick darkness" settled over the earth. Very few stars came out. Shadow effects were inconspicuous. The corona, nevertheless, afforded an exquisite spectacle. Fashioned in burnished silver by that cunningest of artificers, light, it still conformed to the transition type of 1896. This was not surprising, since the productiveness of the waning spot-cycle had evidently by no means exhausted itself. Some further approach to the definite characterization of a minimum halo had, however, been made in the interim. The "quadrilateral" of screamers had closed down from the poles, which were delicately feathered with short, divergent beams; while equatorial emanations were unmistakable, and on the way, it might be thought, to become predominant. In point of fact, the leading feature of the appendage, a ray at least four solar diameters in length, deviated little from the equatorial plane, and its direction lay straight towards the planet Venus. The coincidence was not then observed for the first time. It was even duplicated in 1878. At the epoch of the Rocky Mountains eclipse, Mercury and Venus were on opposite sides of, and near, the sun, and each seemed the objective point of one of the vast effluences in which the corona of that year was concentrated. The collocation was, perhaps, accidental; but Sir William Huggins, in his Bakerian Lecture of 1885, expressed views not adverse to the reality of planetary influence upon coronal emanations.¹ Of their subordination to outbursts of prominences, obvious in 1896, no confirmation was obtained in 1898, while the chemical diversity of the corona and the chromosphere, indicated in 1893, was strongly reasserted by the prismatic cameras at Vizladrug.

Two novelties in eclipse photography were propitiously started during the flight across India of the lunar shadow—the first by Professor Turner at Sohagpur, who succeeded in getting the corona self-portrayed in the polarized element of its light. Its uncommon

¹ Proceedings of the Royal Society, vol. xxxix p. 131.

strength attested the presence of much reflected radiance; while the corresponding weakness of the bright-line spectrum defeated Mr. Newall's attempt to determine rotational movement in the line of sight by its shift upward on the left, downward on the right, of the sun. The second departure was of more popular interest. Lord Graham at Vizla-drug, and Mr. Bacon at Buxar, near the Ganges, employed "kinematographs" to such good purpose that the eclipse is virtually perpetuated; and since the Buxar film, impressed by some hundreds of successive exposures, is the property of Mr. Nevil Maskelyne, it will doubtless be witnessed, as an "animated picture," by crowded audiences in the Egyptian Hall. This transplantation of the phenomenon to Piccadilly is the more fortunate that nature has arranged for the occurrence of no "British eclipse" sooner than June 29, 1927, and then with a niggardly totality of fifteen seconds. A Spanish-American eclipse lasting about two minutes will, however, come off on May 28, 1900; and, just one year later, the "great Sumatran totality" of six minutes, upon which astronomers are already beginning to fix their larger hopes.

Of the three similar events which have recently taken their place among accomplished facts, we may now attempt to estimate the outcome. What, on the whole, has been learned from them? Much in several directions already, and more that is likely to be extricated by degrees from the superfluity of collected data. The most important result is undoubtedly the photographing of the reversing layer. It was just one of those cases in which the aid of the camera was most urgently needed, yet most difficult to obtain. A multitudinous flash in all the colors of the rainbow dazzled and baffled the eye; researches into its composition had to wait until it could be registered in sober black and white. This having been at last done, they proceeded without let or hindrance; and their success has served to elucidate, if not actually to solve, two problems in solar physics of long standing and essential signifi-

cance. They have shown, in the first place, that the Fraunhofer absorption is effected in a shallow, vaporous stratum—possibly a couple of hundred miles in depth—immediately overlying the photosphere; they have, in the second, greatly augmented the improbability that the chemical elements suffer a *sun change* through exposure to intense heat. These conclusions are not, of course, absolute; in more than one sense they may eventually require modification. The tracks of science, indeed, branch outward indefinitely; none of them can, by the nature of things, ever reach a true terminus.

What has thus been learned regarding the local origin of the Fraunhofer lines, and the solar condition of terrestrial species of matter, fell in with the anticipations of most of those competent to review impartially the previously existing situation. Far more surprising was the intelligence brought by the prismatic camera, and embodied in Sir Norman Lockyer's Report on the Eclipse of 1893 (quoted among our authorities for this article), as to the chemical *aloofness* of the corona. Between it and the igneous ocean beneath, there would seem to be no commingling of materials. The green gas coronium extends, it is true, by physical necessity, right down to the base of the chromosphere; but it scarcely ever rises into prominences, and then to a very slight extent; while their main ingredients are entirely absent from the coronal structure, which contains no luminous hydrogen, helium or calcium. The coronal spectrum is altogether peculiar and strange. Its chief or sole originator must possess remarkable qualities; but we can hardly hope that they will ever be investigated in the leisure of a laboratory, since the extraordinary subtlety distinctive (we are entitled to suppose) of coronium almost precludes the possibility that any remnant of the earth's primitive quota still remains attached to or embedded in it. The capture of helium will not readily be paralleled.

The eclipses of 1893, 1896 and 1898 combined very happily to illustrate the

typical variations in coronal shape corresponding to fluctuations in spot-productiveness. They, however, left the question of coronal rotation to stand over until the last year of the expiring century. As to coronal theories, they remain in abeyance. Electrical, mechanical, magnetic, projectile—all appear, in some of their particulars, at variance with ascertained facts. The occasions referred to proved, indeed, discouraging to most current speculations. Only glimpses into the workings of the grand solar machine have so far been afforded. Their inner principle eludes, and may long continue to elude, discovery.

JOHN SPLENDID.¹

THE TALE OF A POOR GENTLEMAN AND THE
LITTLE WARS OF LORN.

BY NEIL MUNRO.

CHAPTER XI.

ON BENS OF WAR.

This mount of Dunchuach, on which we now found ourselves ensconced, rises in a cone shape to a height of about eight hundred feet, its bottom being but a matter of a quarter-mile from the castle door. It is wooded to the very nose, almost, except for the precipitous *spornach* or scaur, that, seen from a distance, looks like a red wound on the face of it. The fort, a square tower of extraordinarily stout masonry, with an eminent roof, had a sconce with escarpment round it, placed on the very edge of the summit. Immediately behind Dunchuach is Buntorvill, its twin peak, that, at less distance than a shout will carry, lifts a hundred feet higher on the north. The two hills make, indeed, but one, in a manner of talking, except for this hundred feet of a hollow worn by a burn lost midway in long, sour grasses. It had always been a surprise to me that Argile's grandfather, when he set the fort on the hill, chose the lower of the two eminences, contrary to all good

guidance of war. But if he had not full domination on Dunchuach, he had, at any rate, a fine prospect. I think, in all my time, I have never witnessed a more pleasing scene than ever presents itself in clear weather from the brow of this peak. Loch Finne—less, as the whim of the fancy might have it, a loch than a noble river—runs south in a placid band; the Cowal hills rise high on the left, bare but of heather and gull; in front Argile, green with the forest of Creag Dubh, where the stag bays in the gloaming. For miles behind the town and castle lies a plain, flat and rich, growing the most lush crops. The town itself, that one could almost throw a stone down on, looks like a child's toy. And away to the north and west the abundant hills, rising higher and higher—sprinkled here and there with spots of moor loch.

The fort this night was held by a hundred men of the body called the Marquis his Halberdiers, a corps of antique heroes whose weapon for ordinary was the Lochaber *tuagh* or axe, a pretty instrument on a parade of state, but small use, even at close quarters, with an enemy. They had skill of artillery, however, and few of them but had a Highlander's training in the use of the broadsword. Besides two culverins mounted on the less precipitous side of the hill—which was the way we came—they had smaller firearms in galore on the sconce, and many kegs of powder disposed in a recess or magazine at the base of the tower. To the east of the tower itself, and within the wall of the fort (where now is but an old haw-tree), was a governor's house perched on the sheer lip of the hill, so that, looking out at its window, one could spit farther than a musket-ball would carry on the level.

We were no sooner in than Mac-Lachlan was scenting around and into this little house. He came out crest-fallen, and went over to the group of halberdiers, who were noisily telling their story to myself and Splendid.

"Are no people here but men?" he

¹ Copyright, 1897-1898, by Neil Munro.

asked Para Mor, who was sergeant of the company, and to all appearance in charge of the place.

He caught me looking at him in some wonder, and felt bound, seemingly, to explain himself.

"I had half the hope," said he, "that my cousin had come here; but she'll be in the castle after all, as her father thought."

John Splendid gave me the pucker of an eye and a line of irony about the edge of his lips that set my blood boiling. I was a foolish and ungoverned creature in those days of no-grace. I cried in my English, "One would think you had a goodman's interest in this bit girl."

MacLachlan leered at me with a most devilish light in his black eyes, and said, "Well, well, I might have even more. Marriage, they say, makes the sweetest woman wersh. But I hope you'll not grudge me, my dear El-rigmore, some anxiety about my own relatives."

The fellow was right enough (that was the worst of it), for a cousin's a cousin in the friendly North; but I found myself for the second time since I came home grudging him the kinship to the Provost of Inneraora's daughter.

That little tirravee passed, and we were soon heartily employed on a supper that had to do duty for two meals. We took it at a rough table in the tower, lighted by a flambeau, that sent sparks flying like pigeons into the sombre height of the building, which tapered high overhead as a lime-kiln upside down. From this retreat we could see the proof of knavery in the villages below. Far down on Knapdale, and back in the recesses of Lochow, were burning homes, to judge from the blotched sky.

Dunchuach had never yet been attacked, but that was an experience expected at any hour, and its holders were ready for it. They had disposed their guns round the wall in such a way as to command the whole gut between the hills, and consequently the path up from the glens. The town side of the fort wall, and the east side,

being on the sheer face (almost) of the rock, called for no artillery.

It was on the morning of the second day there that our defence was put to the test by a regiment of combined Irish and Athole men. The day was misty, with the frost in a hesitancy, a raw, gowsty air sweeping over the hills. Para Mor, standing on the little north bastion or ravelin, as his post of sergeant always demanded, had been crooning a ditty and carving a scroll with his hunting-knife on a crook he would maybe use when he got back to the tack where his home was in ashes and his cattle were far to seek, when he heard a crackle of bushes at the edge of the wood that almost reached the hill-top, but falls short for lack of shelter from the sinister wind. In a second a couple of scouts in dirty red and green tartans, with *fealdags* or pleatless kilts on them instead of the better class *philabeg*, crept cannily out into the open, unsuspecting that their position could be seen from the fort.

Para Mor stopped his song, projected his firelock over the wall as he ducked his body behind it—all but an eye and shoulder—and, with a hairy cheek against the stock, took aim at the foremost. The crack of the musket sounded odd and moist in the mist, falling away in a dismal slam that carried but a short distance, but it was enough to rouse Dunchuach.

We took the wall as we stood—myself, I remember me, in my kilt, with no jacket, and my shirt-sleeves rolled up to the shoulder; for I had been putting the stone, a pleasant Highland pastime, with John Splendid, who was similarly disaccoutred.

"All the better for business," said he, though the raw wind, as we lined the wall, cut like sharp steel.

Para Mor's unfortunate gentleman was the only living person to see when we looked into the gut, and he was too little that way to say much about. Para had fired for the head, but struck lower, so that the scout writhed to his end with a red-hot coal among his last morning's vlands.

Long after, it would come back to

me, the oddity of that spectacle in the hollow—a man in a red *fealday*, with his hide-covered buckler grotesquely flailing the grass, he, in the Gaelic custom, making a great moan about his end, and a pair of bickering rooks cawing away heartily as if it was no more than a sheep in the throes of braxy.

After a little the moan of the MacDonald stopped, the crows slanted down to the loch-side, stillness came over the place. We talked in whispers, sped about the walls on the tiptoes of our brogues, and peered wonderingly down to the edge of the wood. Long we waited and wearily, and by and by who came out high on the shoulder of Duntorvil but a band of the enemy, marching in good order for the summit of that paramount peak?

"I hope to God they have no large pieces with them yonder," said John; "for they'll have a coign there to give us trouble if once they get mother of muskets in train."

But, fortunately for us, no artillery ever came to Duntorvil.

Fully two hundred of the enemy massed on the hill, commanded by a squat officer in breeks and wearing a peruke *Anglicè*, that went oddly with his tartan plaid. He was the master of Clanranald, we learned anon, a cunning person, whose aim was to avail himself of the impetuosity of the kilts he had in his corps. Gaels on the attack, as he knew, are omnipotent as God's thunderbolts: give them a running start at a foe, with no waiting, and they might carry the gates of hell against the Worst One and all his clan; on a standing defence where coolness and discipline are wanted they have less splendid virtues. Clanranald was well aware that to take his regiment all into the hollow where his scout was stiffening was not only to expose them to the fire of the fort without giving them any chance of quick reply, but to begin the siege off anything but the bounding shoe-sole the Highlander has the natural genius for. What he devised was to try musketry at long range (and, to

shorten my tale, that failed), then charge down the one summit, over the rushy gut, and up the side of Dunchuach, disconcerting our aim and bringing his men in on their courageous heat.

We ran back our pieces through the gorge of the bastions, wheeled them in on the terre-plein back from the wall, and cocked them higher on their trunnions to get them in train for the opposite peak.

"Boom!" went the first gun, and a bit of brown earth spat up to the left of the enemy, low by a dozen paces.

A silly patter of poor musketry made answer, but their bullets might as well have been aimed at snipe for all the difference it made to us: they came short or spattered against our wall. We could hear the shouts of the foe, and saw their confusion as our third gun sent its message into the very heart of them.

Then they charged Dunchuach.

Our artillery lost its value, and we met them with fusil and caliver.

They came on in a sort of echelon of four companies, close ordered, and not as a more skilfully commander would make them, and the leading company took the right. The rushy grass met them with a swish as they bounded over like roebucks, so fast that our few score of muskets made no impression on them until they were climbing up the steep brae that led to our walls.

Over a man in a minority, waiting, no matter how well ensconced, the onslaught of numbers carried on the wings of hate, there comes a strange feeling—I'll never deny it—a sort of qualm at the pit of the stomach, a notion to cry "'Cavi!" and turn atail disgraceful. I felt it but for a second, and then I took to my old practice of making a personal foe of one particular man in front of me. This time I chose a lieutenant or sergeant of the MacDonalds (by his tartan), a tall, lean rascal, clean shaved, in trews and a tight-fitting *cota gearr* or short coat, with an otter-skin cap on his head, the otter-tail still attached and dangling behind like a Lowlander's queue. He

was striding along zealously, brandishing his sword, and disdaining even to take off his back the bull-hide targe, though all his neighbors kept theirs in front of them on the left arm.

"You have wrecked honest homes!" I argued with him in my mind. "You put the torch to the widow's thatch, you have driven the cattle from Elrigmore, and what of a girl with dark eyes like the sloe? Fancy man, man of my fancy! Oh! here's the end of your journey!"

Our assailants, after their usual custom, dropped their pieces, such as had them, when they had fired the first shot, and risked all on the push of the target and the slash of the broad brand, confident even that our six or seven feet of escarpment would never stay their onset any time to speak of. An abattis or a fosse would have made this step futile; but as things were, it was not altogether impossible that they might surmount our low wall. Our advantage was that the terre-plein on which we stood was three or four feet higher than they were on the outer side of the wall, apart from the fact that they were poised precariously on a steep brae. We leaned calmly over the wall and spat at them with pistols now and then as they ran up the hill, with Clanranald and some captains crying them on at the flank or middle. In the plain they left a piper who had naturally not enough wind to keep his instrument going and face the hill at the same time. He strode up and down in the deadliest part of the valley where a well-sent musket-ball would never lose him, and played a tune they call "The Galley of the Waves," a Stewart rant with a hint of the zest of the sea in it. Nobody thought of firing at him, though his work was an encouragement to our foes, and anon the hill-tops rang with a duel of pibrochs between him and a lad of our garrison, who got round on the top of the wall near the governor's house and strutted high-shoulderedly up and down, blasting at the good braggart air of "Balle Inneraora."

Those snorting, wailing, warring

pipes mingled oddly with the shout of the fighting men, who had ways of battle new to me in practice, though they were in a sense my own countrymen. Gaelic slogans and maledictions they shouted, and when one of them fell in the mob, his immediate comrades never failed to stop short in their charge and coolly rob him of a silver button off his coat, or a weapon if it seemed worth while.

In a little they were soon clamoring against our wall. We laughed and prodded them off with the long-handed axes to get free play with the fusils, and one after another of them fell off, wounded or dead.

"This is the greatest folly ever I saw," said Sir Donald, wiping his brow with a bloody hand.

"I wish I was sure there was no trick in it," said John. He was looking around him and taking a tug at his belt, that braced him by a couple of holes. Then he spat, for luck, on a ball he dropped into his fusil, said a Glassary charm on it as he rammed home the charge and brought the butt to his cheek, aiming at a white-faced Irishman with a leathern waistcoat, who fell backward into a dub of mud and stirred no more.

"Four!" said John; "I could scarcely do better with my own French fusil *Mairi Og*."

The enemy drew off at a command of their captain, and into the edge of the wood that came up on the left near our summit. We lost our interest in them for a time, watching a man running up the little valley from the right, above Kilmallen. He came on, waving his arms wildly and pointing ahead; but though he was plain to our view, he was out of sight of the enemy on the left.

A long, black coat hampered his movements, and he looked gawky enough, stumbling through the rushes.

"If I didn't think the inside of Castle Inneraora was too snug to quit for a deadly hillside," said John, "I could believe yon was our friend the English minister."

"The English minister sure enough," said half-a-dozen beside us.

"Here's ill-luck for us then!" cried John, with irony. "He'll preach us to death: the fellow's deadlier than the Clanranald banditti."

Some one ran to the post beside the governor's house, and let the gentleman in when he reached it. He was panting like a winded hound, the sweat standing in beads on his shaven jowl, and for a minute or two he could say nothing, only pointing at the back of our fort in the direction of the town.

"A parish visit, is it, sir?" asked John, still in his irony.

The minister sat him down on a log of wood and clutched his side, still pointing eagerly to the south of our fort. No one could understand him, but at last he found a choked and roudy voice.

"A band behind there," he said; "your—front—attack is—but—a—feint."

As he spoke, half-a-dozen men in a north-country tartan got on the top of our low rear wall that we thought impregnable on the lip of the hill, and came on us with a most ferocious uproar. "Badenoch!" they cried in a fashion to rend the hills, and the signal (for such it was more than slogan) brought on our other side the Clanranald gentry.

What followed in that hearth-stone fight so hot and brisk took so short a space of time, and happened in so confused and terrible a moment, that all but my personal feeling escape me. My every sense stirred with something horrible; the numb sound of a musket-butt on a head, the squeal of men wounded at the vitals, and the deeper roar of hate; a smell of blood as I felt it when a boy holding the candle at night to our shepherds slaughtering sheep in the barn at home; before the eyes a red blur cleared at intervals when I rubbed the stinging sweat from my face.

Half a hundred of those backgait assailants were over our low wall with their axe-hooks and ladders before we could charge and prime, engaging us

hand to hand in the cobbled square of our fort, at the tower foot. The harassment of this new side gave the first band of the enemy the chance to surmount our front wall, and they were not slow to take it.

Luckily our halberdiers stood firm in a mass that faced both ways, and as luckily, we had in Master John M'Iver a general of strategy and experience.

"Stand fast, Campbell Halberdiers!" he cried. "It's bloody death, whether we take it like cravens or Gaelic gentlemen!" He laid about him with a good purpose, and whether they tried us in front or rear, the scamps found the levelled pikes and the ready swords. Some dropped beside, but more dropped before us, for the tod in a hole will face twenty times what he will flee from in the open wood; but never a man of all our striving company fought sturdier than our minister, with a weapon snatched from an Athole man he had levelled at a first blow from an oaken rung.

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" he would cry; "for all the kings of the Amorites that dwell in the mountains are gathered together against us." A slim, elder man he was, ordinarily with a wan, sharp face; now it was flushed and hoveled in anger, and he hissed his texts through his teeth as he faced the dogs. Some of youth's schooling was there, a Lowland youth's training with the broadsword; for he handled it like no novice, and even M'Iver gave him "*Bravo, suas é!*"

That we held our ground was no great virtue—we could scarcely do less; but we did more, for soon we had our enemy driven back on the walls. They fought—there's no denying it—with a frenzy that made them ill to beat; but when a couple of score of our lads lined the upper wall again and kept back the leak from that alit by the command of John Splendid, it left us the chance of sweeping our unwelcome tenants back again on the lower wall. They stayed stubbornly, but we had weight against them and the advantage of the little brae, and by and by

we pinned them, like fougarts, against the stones. Most of them put back against the wall, and fought, even with the pike at their vitals, slashing empty air with sword or dirk; some got on the wall again and threw themselves over the other side, risking the chance of an uglier death on the rocks below.

In less than an hour after the shot of Para Mor (himself a stricken corpse now) rang over Dunchuach, our piper, with a gash on his face, was playing some vaunting air on the walls again, and the fort was free of the enemy, of whom the bulk had fallen back into the wood, and seemingly set out for Innaeraora.

Then we gathered and stroked our dead—twenty-and-three; we put our wounded in the governor's house, and gave them the rough leech-craft of the fighting field; the dead of the assailants we threw over the rock, and among them was a clean-shaven man in trews and a tight-fitting *cota gearr*, who left two halves of an otter-skin cap behind him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

From Blackwood's Magazine.
DISRAELI THE YOUNGER.

A slender figure, elegantly poised in an attitude which betokens at once ambition and security. His right elbow rests lightly on the chimney-piece, and the tips of his delicate jewelled fingers are free to coquette with the glossy ringlets which crown a pensive brow. The rolled collar of his coat is of to-morrow's fashion, and an open waistcoat reveals a cascade of scarf, magnificently glorified by brooch and chain. His legs are nonchalantly crossed, and encased in creaseless trousers, sternly strapped beneath a pair of dainty pumps. A Turkish chibouque thrown upon a pillowed divan symbolizes the grand tour and a half-concealed love of tobacco; while the air of idle luxury is tempered by the beauty of the oval face, and by the

imaginative eyes, fixed with bold unconcern upon a triumphant future and the mysterious East. Thus is Disraeli the Younger pictured my Maclise; thus did he appear to the intimates of his romantic youth.

Handsome, extravagant, debonair, Disraeli the Younger was the true-born child of a wayward, irresponsible age, which, with its manifold contradictions, was more interesting than distinguished, more cultured than heroic. It was, indeed, a time of transition, which bridged the distance between the hard disdain of the Regency and the vapid enthusiasm of our Early Victorians. But the old brutality was not forgotten, and the prize ring flourished at the Keepsake's side. Though a rout at Almack's was still an end of social ambition, there were certain coteries in Brompton which claimed their devoted slaves, and some thought it more glorious to sip tea in L. E. L.'s parlor than to flaunt it in the presence of a hundred duchesses. For Byronism had achieved its proper result, and a man of fashion was driven perforce into an affectation of romance. It was a social duty, eagerly discharged, to stand in attitudes, to cultivate the curling-tongs and the pomatum-pot, to wear extravagant, inharmonious clothes, to flatter blue-stockings, and to end your careless sentences with "and all that." Indeed, 'twas the strangest of mixtures, this age of watered-silk and satin waistcoats; and while on the one hand it knew not the roystering dissipation of Carlton House, on the other it had not yet learnt to simper and be afraid. Certain heroes there were, such as the Marquis of Hertford, to keep alive the ancient tradition; but Brummel was in exile, and there was an open revolt against his severe, refining influence. Doubtless the great dandy cherished an extravagant taste in snuff-boxes; but the first article of his creed was a scrupulous simplicity of attire, which Scrope Davies and the more intelligent of his pupils faithfully observed. But when the fourth William sat upon the throne, there invaded with softened

manners an extravagance of taste. The world, tired of violent debauchery, chose its vices with a better circumspection; but, equally tired of expensive simplicity, it exercised little tact in the selection of its wine or its wardrobe. So it became lackadaisical, tired, fantastic. "I rather like bad wine," says Mountchesney in "Sybil," "one gets so bored with good wine"—a characteristic confession of weakness, which no dandy with an essential pride in excellence would have dared to make. It was the boast of the Brummels that they were surprised at nothing; their successors cheapened the faculty of admiration, until they wondered not only at the verse of Bulwer but at the prose of Lady Blessington. But at last the cold impassibility was dead; dead also were the pitiless contempt and the hard desire of perfection, which marked the golden age of dandyism. No longer was it bad form to display sentiment or to confess an interest in polite literature, while a sonnet signed with a title was sure of a hearing in the most exclusive drawing-room. So by degrees elegance ceased to be worshipped for its own sake; the barrier was broken that once separated fashion from culture; while Manchester and the Reform Bill created a tolerant curiosity, unknown before, which opened the door to the most bizarre of talents, to the most reckless of opinions. In truth, where taste and repartee had once been supreme, a half-awakened soul began to reign, and the courtiers, as if to prove themselves superior to novel sensations and young enthusiasms, dressed themselves with unwonted fancy and extravagance. The bloods of the town were arrayed in such finery as would have shocked the chaster refinement of Brummel. There are vague rumors of green trousers and black satin shirts, while velvet coats gave an air of sumptuous sobriety to the Opera House. No wonder the Marquis of Hertford, who had witnessed the departed glory of the Regency, took refuge from the changing manners in Paris or Rome; but, in spite of defec-

tion, all was not lost, and London was saved from vulgarity by the surpassing genius of Alfred D'Orsay.

Now Alfred D'Orsay rivalled the dandies in elegance; in all other respects he was their antithesis. His magnificence was only less than Brummel's own because it lacked that touch of delicacy and restraint which made the greatest of the Georges an exemplar for all time. Brummel might have walked down to St. James's unnoticed; D'Orsay could not have left Gore House without making an immediate and brilliant sensation. His satin-lined coat was thrown back as far as possible, his "breastplate of starched cambric" was broader and more luminous than any other in town; his boot was the smallest and most highly polished that ever was seen upon the foot of man; his hat was set with a superb jauntiness over an array of curls which rivalled the beard of an Assyrian bull; his attitude and gestures were the last expression of an arrogance wherein there was no malice, of a pride wherein there was no disdain. But it is only at one point that he challenges comparison with Brummel, his manifest superior in the art of adornment. In all other aspects he stands apart. He knew nothing of the frigid heartlessness, the narrow contempt, the "majestic frivolity," which were the essence of Brummel's genius. For while the dandy occupied but one corner of human activity, D'Orsay put no restraint upon either his heart or his head. He was a man of tact and feeling, always gay, always fresh, always sympathetic. His interests were as wide as his intelligence; he was as fine a judge of horseflesh as of a dinner; an instinctive appreciation of literature and art endeared him to the dilettanti; and a peculiar skill of intimacy turned new acquaintances into old friends. Above all, he was agreeable and enchanting, a fairy-prince, whose delight it was to extricate the luckless from those pitfalls which a profound knowledge of the world had taught him to avoid. An amiable, loyal, pleasure-loving hero, he shared with Lady Bles-

sington the throne of Gore House, and dominated for twenty years that world of fashion which vainly limped after his perfections. Such as he was, his contemporaries aspired to be; and, strangely enough, this eloquent Frenchman remains the symbol of that age when men wore Nugee coats and drank Badminton, and when women bared their shoulders and sang tearful ditties to the music of the harp.

It was this world, then, that the young Disraeli entered with the highest credentials of breeding and intelligence, and under the brilliant auspices of the count himself, whose generosity he repaid by the sketch of Mirabel, as pretty a gentleman as ever unravelled the plot of a love-story. Few men have made a more splendid appearance on the stage. Truly his sword opened the oyster at the first encounter, and before the world knew his name he was a leader of society. His progress was like a fairy tale, or a chapter from Balzac, which you cannot read without a spirited enthusiasm. He was young, he was handsome, he was a fop, he had written a book, and his glory was almost equal to his unparalleled ambition. Strange stories were told of this sallow-faced youth, whose black ringlets were ridiculed by the envious, and the fashion of whose coat is still fabulous. But his tasselled ivory cane, inlaid with gold, his flower-embroidered waistcoat, his chains unnumbered, his priceless ruffles—even these were less remarkable than his mysterious silences, his flashes of eloquence, and the bitter contempt which he cherished for his fellows. No wonder the world eagerly acknowledged his superiority; no wonder the chariot of his glory was never stayed. What a career was his! What an achievement in fascination! Truly he emptied the bowl of life, and found no poison in the wine. He was witty, accomplished, glorious, and his table was littered with letters; and London was at his feet. And he—he accepted the homage with a grave and grateful smile, and he wandered from the house of one duchess to the house of another,

proud in the conviction that he brought to the smartest party far more than it could yield him. Once upon a time he was mobbed with Bulwer at a ball, and doubtless he took his hustling in the most complaisant of humors. Another night he came late to dinner at Sir Robert Peel's, and found six stealthy politicians eating in silence. Instantly he flung an epigram across the table, dispelled the gravity, and wrung a smile from Peel himself. When the influenza attacked London, he met it with the smartest remedies and in the best company. "D'Orsay and I," he wrote, "defy the disorder with a first-rate cook, a generous diet, and medicated vapor-baths." To-day he dines with Chandos, the only man in the room not a member of Parliament; to-morrow he sits at another ducal table, proud in the reflection that no commoners are present save himself and Sir William Fremantle. As the season declines, he attends water-parties, devised in the sentimental taste of the time. The guests embarked at five o'clock, "the heavens very favorable, sang all the way, wandered in beautiful gardens worthy of Paul Veronese, full not only of flowers, but fountains and parrots." What a picture it is—the titled exquisites dressed a little beyond the limits of good taste, and floating down the Thames to the music of a luxurious sentimentality! It was drawn but sixty years ago, yet it seems prehistoric, or if, indeed, it must belong to time and space, it might suggest that no-man's land of ardor and elegance in which is laid the scene of "Henrietta Temple." Thus Disraeli triumphed over the envy of men and the ridicule of women. True, one murmured that he looked as though he were hanging in chains, while another asked was he in training for the office of lord mayor? But he was a man whose gravity checked impertinence, and, as he confesses himself, "he made his way easily in the highest set, where they like to admire and be amused." And doubtless they did admire and were amused, until this exquisite had no

enemies, save the second-rate, and counted among his champions the most beautiful women and the greatest statesmen of his time.

His glory was no surprise, least of all to himself. He had entered the world to conquer, and the victory was his. Nor was there the smallest touch of snobbery in his choice of a battlefield. He deemed his blood the purest in Europe, and himself the equal of the most ancient duke. So that in deserting his father's library for what he would have called "the saloons of the great," he was but obeying a natural and a modest instinct. Being in all things a Jew, in nothing did he prove his descent so clearly as in his love of splendor. Had he commanded the wealth of Contarini Fleming, he, too, would have lived in a "Palladian pile;" he, too, would have enriched his mansion with all "the spoils of the teeming Orient;" his terraces would have sparkled with jasper, porphyry and onyx; "the gold of Afric, the jewels of Ind, the talismans of Egypt, the perfumes and manuscripts of Persia, the spices and gems of Araby"—all those mythical glories would have made his castle for all the world like the great Bazar of Bagdad. The result, of course, would have been opulent rather than beautiful, for Disraeli's taste was of his time, and took no thought either of classic harmony or of delicate restraint. Nevertheless, he was possessed with an indiscriminate, unquestioning admiration of magnificence, which instantly determined the place he should occupy in the world. Above all things, clothes engrossed his fancy, and from the outset he regarded life as a masquerade. He must always be "dressing-up," as children say, and disguising his origin in the gorgeous trappings of a costume-shop. At Malta he dined with the officers, now as an Andalusian brigand, now as a Greek pirate; and though we know not what the British soldier thought of his display, he himself was abundantly satisfied with the effect he produced. Indeed, throughout his famous tour, which was nothing less

than a march of triumph, he pondered deeply of his wardrobe, and not even the difficulties of travel compelled him to appear in disarray. So he is found lamenting that "the king's death is the destruction of his dress-waistcoats;" so he boasts that a "handkerchief which he brought from Paris is the most successful thing he ever wore, and universally admired." But it was at Gibraltar that he made his proudest conquest, and "maintained his reputation of being a great judge of costume." For not only did the fashion of discarding waistcoats in the morning reveal the beauty of his peerless studs, but, says he, "I have the fame of being the first who ever passed the Straits with two canes—a morning and an evening cane. I change my cane as the gun fires, and hope to carry them both on to Cairo. It is wonderful the effect these magical wands produce. I owe to them even more attention than to being the supposed author of—what is it?—I forget!"

That is a touch of the true Disraeli! He forgot the title of his book; he remembered the proper moment to change his cane; and it was this pleasant mixture of carefulness and nonchalance which gave him his place in the world. It was a pose, of course; but success itself is a pose, which is wholly alien to the natural man. And Disraeli was so little the natural man that all his actions were the result of forethought, and all his poses were calculated to please his set. For instance, the world was fatigued with action, and here was Disraeli ready to declare that he had never thrown a ball in his life, that it tired him to kill pheasants, that he was indifferent to the pleasures of the chase. Nevertheless, when he did ride to hounds, the spirit of romance seized him, and, "although not in pink, I was the best mounted man in the field, riding an Arabian mare, which I nearly killed; a run of thirty miles, and I stopped at nothing." That is a feat that D'Orsay might have accomplished every week; but it is unique in the experience of Disraeli, and merely accentuated his habit of inaction. It was rather within the key

of his character to sit resplendent in a half-light, and to dash out sudden from the gloom with a brilliant epigram or a torrent of eloquence. "I like silent, melancholy men," said Mrs. Wyndham Lewis, at their introduction—and no doubt Disraeli flattered her taste. For, though his duty was speech, he could be silent when he pleased—surely the most difficult achievement, for eloquence is not easily chained—and none of his intimates ever heard him laugh, and few they were who saw him smile. Like Philip IV., he was possessed by a spirit of gravity, which in no way hindered the flash of his scorn or the ripple of his amazing wit. But it made readily possible the most sincere of all his poses—the pose of mystery. If it were his ambition to penetrate the Asian mystery, he himself was a mystery—Asian, too—that defied penetration. When he seemed a fop, then was he most a visionary, and it was always in the Orient that he saw his visions and dreamed his dreams. It is tempting, indeed, to seize his character in his novels, and perchance there is something of himself in all his heroes. You can imagine him saying with Vivian Grey that guava and liqueurs were the only refreshment he ever took. You can see him in as deadly opposition as Coningsby to the common creeds of a worn-out party; above all, you recognize in the fantasies of Tancred his author's own mysticism, and surely he is nearer akin to Lord Montacute than to any of his creations. Thus he wandered London up and down, a kind of unsolved riddle. "What is he?" asked the world of fashion after a certain eminent personage, and Disraeli was far too skilful a tactician to satisfy an idle curiosity.

But he was equipped for the fray with other gifts than melancholy and mysticism. Young in temperament as well as in years, he was of those who keep their youth not only in their own hearts but in the eyes of men; and the author of "Coningsby" was still leading Young England when he had passed his eighth lustre. And what

may a man not do with youth—youth untouched of time, the first and last gift of the gods? Alas! we reckon by the clumsy measure of months, condemning boys because they are young, and men because they are old, and forget that there are tempers which the passage of time cannot affect. But Disraeli possessed the great gift, and Sidonia's panegyric of youth was doubtless his own. "Great men never want experience," said the stranger; 'the history of heroes is the history of youth.' " And Disraeli might have echoed both statements, for the author of "Vivian Grey" was already mature, and though he was prime minister for the first time at sixty-two, he had still escaped the approach of age. Next after youth, it was the faculty of displacement which ensured him the victory. He occupied more space than lesser men, and his presence was sufficient to overshadow all competitors. Wherever he went, he compelled observation, and he was never without a field to exercise his talents. Moreover, by his grave, sallow face he masked an intrepid determination and a quiet courage. That he should be a great man, that he should lead the great world, was ordained, because his mind was set upon the enterprise. "We make our Fortunes and we call it Fate," he said somewhere; but assuredly if he made his fortune, he never let his fate out of his own hands. Moreover, he held the place which he had gained by the exercise of the most brilliant talents. His genius of conversation is legendary, and no contemporary was a match for the quickness of his repartee and the ruthlessness of his scorn. Yet how poor a record is there of his wit! With the silence of the voice, which instantly hushed the babble of common talk, one at least of his qualities vanished irreparably. For his repeated jests have lost their savor, and are remembered rather for their effect than for themselves. If it be rare to encounter a page that will live, it is impossible to fashion a *mot* that will win immortality. And so the Disraeli of the

drawing-rooms descends to our imagination as the Romantic Movement in person, a hero, maybe, in the vein of Rastignac, whose massy chain and prodigious velvets are infinitely more picturesque than the red waistcoat which inaugurated a revolution across the Channel.

The most of men would have accepted for a career Disraeli's triumph in the world. He might, indeed, have succeeded to D'Orsay's throne, and been undisputed arbiter of elegancies. Yet he was but a sojourner in society, which was to him rather a means of progress than a pursuit, and where he took his unquestioned place unquestioning; nor did he for a moment permit an organized frivolity to interrupt the serious occupation of his life. For, besides being a *flâneur* and mystic, he was also a man of affairs, whose ambition could only be checked by death itself. And for this he has been called an adventurer, and an adventurer he assuredly is in the sense that every one adventures, be he duke or ploughman, when he leaves his father's hearth. But the baser sense, that by the wiles of the upstart he reached too lofty a position, is wholly inadmissible. Who, indeed should be a leader of men, if not he? Born in a library, as he said, and nurtured on Voltaire, he leaned upon his father's reputation, and in his childhood knew whomsoever he would. In education, in manners, in habit of the world, he was any man's equal, and though he had a gentlemanly acquaintance with debt, he had never known the sharper twinge of poverty. His own sojourn in a sponging-house, and his salvation by the adroit and charming D'Orsay, are described with admirable humor in "Henrietta Temple;" while in Fakredeen's mouth he has put a panegyric of debts, "the dear companions of my life," which was dictated, doubtless, by a grotesque sincerity. Maybe he thought as much of himself as of the Emir, when he declared that "among his creditors he had disciplined that diplomatic ability that shall some day confound and control cabinets." But

embarrassment is a common incident of life, and if Disraeli was familiar with disappointment—and "to be disappointed is to be young"—he never was familiar with disaster, and he claimed to play a part in politics without surprise or effrontery. Indeed, long before he asked the voters of High Wycombe for their confidence, he had been intrusted with a mission the mere memory of which might have made the fortune of another man, and which he himself recalled many years after with pride and satisfaction.

Now, in 1825, when Disraeli had just turned twenty, John Murray determined to found a daily paper. At the boy's instigation it was to be called the *Representative*, and when the great Sir Walter's opinion was asked, who so apt an emissary as Disraeli the Younger? Here was his opportunity, and bravely did he tackle it. He set out for the north with the eager curiosity of untravelled youth, proud in the confidence of an august publisher, and assured that to his persuasion not even Sir Walter could be deaf. He rested his foot at York, was enchanted with the minster, and whispered to Murray that Froissart was his companion, "just the fellow for a traveller's evening." It is as fresh and buoyant a record as history has to show; it reminds you of Mozart before the French king, of Pope sitting at the feet of Dryden. But no sooner was he arrived at Chiefswood than disappointment awaited him. For Lockhart, who was there to meet him, expected the father, and not having the gift of prophecy, knew not how far greater and more valiant a man was the son. So that "everything looked as black as possible," and the adventure evoked the very last of Disraeli's talents. He talked, he flattered, he cajoled, he displayed his perfect cunning of management, until "in a few hours we completely understood one another, and were upon the most intimate terms." Here, indeed, you perceive that diplomacy in bud, which in blossom was to govern England and to subdue Europe. Between Disraeli and Lockhart there

could not have been the link of lasting sympathy. But for the moment it was Disraeli's single-minded endeavor to gain his opponent's intimacy, and it is not surprising that he won an easy victory in this battle of wits. The situation, indeed, was made for him, and after Lockhart's submission the conquest of Sir Walter was assured. Nor did he for an instant underrate the importance of his mission. He impressed upon Murray not only the magnitude of the stake, but also the sacred necessity of discretion. The love of mystery had already taken hold of him, and for fear of the postman he dared not mention by name the actors in this little drama. No; secrecy must be preserved inviolate, and Sir Walter figures as the Chevalier, while Lockhart is hidden behind an inexpressive M. And all the time the young Disraeli is conducting the negotiation with irresistible firmness and spirit, convinced that even in Sir Walter's presence the hero of the moment is really himself. Already his sanguine temper detected in the combination a vast opportunity, and he assumed the lead with a certainty and an arrogance which are invincible. Despite Sir Walter, Lockhart is to manage the *Representative*; but, says Disraeli, "it should be impressed upon him that he is coming to town not to be editor of a newspaper, but the director-general of an immense organ, and at the head of a band of high-bred gentlemen and important interests." Thus he had already mastered—this boy of twenty—the art of persuading by a phrase, and with an assurance which the Wizard must have echoed with a laugh, he had even decided which seat in the House should be occupied by the Wizard's son-in-law. The negotiation, in fact, was brought to a marvellous issue; and, to top all, Disraeli was able to boast that "the Chevalier and M. have unburthened themselves to me in a manner the most confidential that you can possibly conceive." What secrets they were which passed we shall never know, for Disraeli had the fear of the postman in his eye, and Murray pre-

served an unhappy silence. But it was an astounding trio that sat round the fire at Chiefswood—Sir Walter and Lockhart and Disraeli; and what a priceless document we should possess if only the greatest man of his generation had recorded his impressions of this light-hearted boy, destined not only to usurp the throne of romance, but to govern the country!

Lockhart obeyed the summons; the *Representative* was launched and foundered; and Disraeli, whose memory was always as sanguine as his experience, lived to record, after half a century, Sir Walter's amiable reception. With that touch of exaggeration which kept him a spoilt boy to the last, he described how the author of "Waverley," to humor a lad of twenty, displayed all the glories of Abbotsford, and unlocked the treasures of his mind, until you are half inclined to believe that the Border palace was built to flatter the imagination of this casual visitor, and that Sir Walter had waited for this fitting opportunity to practise the art of conversation. But it was Disraeli's first experience in the management of men, and, though disaster followed, Murray was for the moment enchanted. And as for the hero, he had learnt his lesson; and when he stood before the electors of High Wycombe, he might reflect that he was not wholly unskilled in affairs. For it was in politics that his alert and vivid genius found its highest expression, and the choice is easily justified. Brilliant as were his gifts in literature, Disraeli was never bound by the slavery of words. He wrote his novels because he craved a popular medium in which to translate his opinions, and the most of his works are rather fanciful expositions of his policy than separate masterpieces. Wherefore he could never have been content, for such poor fame as his readers could give him, to forego the frenzy of an active life. His ambition was to govern men, and to feel the impression which his voice, his eye, his gesture, made upon the crowd. His success was assured as soon as he stood upon

the hustings; and long before he was appointed to lead the House, he had turned the current of English opinion. He brought to the solemn task of government all those qualities which made him supreme in the fashionable world, and gave to his novels—dashed off, you may be sure, at a sitting—a corner apart in our English literature. In the first place, he was a born fighter, to whom the interchange of blows was a delight, and who ever scorned to cover his fist with a glove. In the second, he had a perfect talent for stage management. Life for him was a drama, in which he always played the principal part, and he had learnt precisely how and when to bring off his great effects. The controversy with O'Connell, for instance, was as deftly handled as might be expected from D'Orsay's wisdom and Dizzy's wit. The count had far too fine a sense of the world to intervene in a political quarrel, but the challenge was sent under his auspices—in fact, as the principal confessed, he took the management of everything. With perfect delicacy Disraeli remained within doors until ten o'clock, when he dressed, doubtless with prodigious magnificence, and went to the opera. Every one allowed "that it was done in first-rate style," and that O'Connell and all his friends were utterly "squabashed." The violent explosion in the *Times* was variously greeted: some found it coarse, others declared it worthy of Swift. But, as its author remarked with naïve arrogance, "The general effect is the thing, and all men agree that I have shown pluck."

This is but one example of the dramatic instinct which never failed him; and though he had nothing of the mummer's commonness in his nature, he recognized the utility of stage-effect. To be powerful is to live in the mouths of men; and when Disraeli stood up to make his maiden speech, he was almost as well known as Sir Robert Peel himself. The moment, of course, was chosen with perfect intelligence, and the subject—Ireland—gave him an opportunity of demolishing his an-

cient enemy. The House was on the one side expectant, on the other vindictive, but none expected the outburst of ridicule which overwhelmed the speaker. The fallow face of the legend, the glossy curls, the fantastic attire, inspired the Opposition at least as much as the hatred of the Repealers. As for the speech itself, it struck the proper note of arrogance: it was, indeed, the trumpet-call to battle, sounded by a man who knew neither fear nor failure. He set himself up, possibly without reason, as "the representative of a considerable number of members." When the House laughed, he put it down to envy. With his accustomed love of imagery, abundantly justified by the eye's superiority to the intellect, and by the victory which argument always yields to the picturesque, he represented O'Connell dangling in one hand the keys of St. Peter, in the other the Cap of Liberty. As the uproar increased, he became defiant, and in the old-fashioned style of rodomontade declared that "he had begun many things, and he had often succeeded at last." Then came the immortal phrase: "I will sit down now, but the time will come when you shall hear me;" and the magnificent conclusion, drowned in a scream, "and when I rise in this assembly hereafter, a dropped pin shall be heard."

The battle had been fought, and Disraeli had won. When they talked of failure Peel was indignant, and Shiel himself flouted his own supporters. The boast, generously youthful in itself, is sanctified by time, and heightens the fabulous character of the man that uttered it. At any rate, the episode left him "in good spirits," and determined not to lose his chance. For a while he must subdue his tone, and his next speech was on copyright; he must show knowledge rather than wit, and he plumped his utterance with hard, unmanageable facts. But the single object was achieved: the orator had captured his audience; his prophecy was fulfilled almost as soon as uttered; and henceforth he would never rise to an empty House nor endure the inat-

tention of the scornful. So, once more, he had turned to triumph what other men had deplored for irretrievable defeat, and proved that Opportunity is the greatest of the gods. Yet, adroit as he was, it was no gift of manner which enabled this Jew of genius to dominate the British House of Commons. He won his place because he touched English politics with the finger of romance, because he lit up even the dark places of Manchester with the flash of imagination. The world, like the youth of Contarini Fleming, was dominated by words, and Disraeli, indignant at the tyranny of worn-out titles, pleaded for the superiority of ideas. Was he Tory or Radical? What mattered the name, so long as he was guiltless of Whiggish autocracy? And thus he preached the doctrines of the Pentateuch, with others more popular, and appealed for support to Bolingbroke and Pitt. It was a strange creed, this mixture of Judaism, the People, and Tory tradition, nor is it surprising that it was misunderstood. The sternly orthodox of all shades were quick to denounce Disraeli for a charlatan, and all the while he was a political philosopher, profoundly inspired. He stood not for a party, but for his opinions, and when once his opinions were shaped he created a party which should hold them. By a subtle irony he chose for his adherents the nobles and squires of England, and it is small wonder that they looked with suspicion upon his support, which soon grew into dominion. But he was a statesman who could not live from hand to mouth upon political intrigue, which, said he, was the resource of the second-rate. He would sustain himself upon "great truths," and, unpalatable as they were, he forced those "great truths" upon his colleagues. Therefore he detached himself wholly from the common superstitions, and as Sir Walter leapt back to the past for the material of his romances, so Disraeli would suppress all the history which came between 1688 and the passing of the Reform Bill. The object of the Whigs, said he,

was, and had always been, to convert England into a Venetian republic, to turn the monarch into a Doge and suppress the people. So it was the duty of all patriots to crush the Whigs, whose objects were to establish a tyranny and dismember the empire, and to defeat any party which did not respect the prerogative of the Crown and understand the only object of all government. The theory was admirable, and admirably expressed, but it seemed unintelligible to the true-blue Tory, whose creed was still privilege, though the passing of the Reform Bill had endangered the common liberty. The Whigs, in exchange for the vote, demanded nothing less than to be masters for life, while the people, said Disraeli, "took reform, as some others took stolen goods, and no questions asked." So, calling himself a Tory, he dared to plead the cause of the mob, and, after the example of Louis XI., he was determined to thwart the reigning oligarchy by an adroit combination of crown and people. To-day, maybe, he would have been called a socialist, for he dreamt of a Ten Hours Bill; he valiantly declared that the rights of labor were as sacred as the rights of property; and he bitterly denounced his chief enemies, the manufacturers, because, said he, they had created a new wealth, and held themselves responsible to no man. But Socialism was not then invented, and he was vaguely set down as a danger to the state.

To unfold so romantic a creed before the unawakened Tory required a reckless courage, but courage was precisely the quality which Disraeli never lacked. He courted opposition, and smiled at contempt. He knew, as surely as on the night of his maiden speech, that his own hour was coming, and with an anger of scorn he dismissed the policy of the Conservatives as an organized hypocrisy. Whether or no his demolition of Peel was justified, whether it was he or his minister who struck the first blow, it is idle to speculate; but it is certain that no party was ever so completely de-

molished by one man as were the Peelites by Disraeli. Young England to-day is a generous dream; but when George Smythe and the author of "Sybil" fought side by side it was a bitter, acrimonious reality. In vain did the magnates of England express their distrust; in vain did the King of Hanover implore Lord Strangford to extricate his son from the clutches of Disraeli; in vain did the Duke of Rutland lament that the admirable character of Lord John Manners exposed him to "the arts of a designing person." The battle still waged, and session after session Disraeli delivered speeches which were masterpieces of invective, brilliant with jibe and serried with argument. The worst is, you return to the famous speeches with regret and disappointment: the well-known scorn is there; once again you recognize the ancient jests—the Whigs are caught bathing and lose their clothes; Hansard, which should be the Delphi, is but the Dunciad of Downing Street; Peel's horror of slavery does not extend to the benches behind him—"there the gang is still assembled, there the thong of the whip still sounds." But for all the deft illustration, for all the jingled alliteration, the splendid effect is gone, and you wonder whether it is not a crime to imprison the spoken word. The orator, like the actor, writes his name in snow, and may only be judged by the effect which his voice, his glance and the wave of his hand produce upon the opinion of others. Weighed by this standard, Disraeli's victory was complete. Despite his small following, he was already master of the House; his friends belonged to those great houses which it was his pleasure to penetrate, and his ambition to control; and surely his irony was never more flattered than at the Manchester Athenæum, when, flanked by George Smythe and Lord John Manners, who appeared by their sires' permission for this occasion only, he pleaded the cause of popular culture in the accent of aristocratic Toryism. He pictured Athens, he quoted Latin, he compared

knowledge to Jacob's mystic ladder, whose "base rests on the primeval earth, whose crest is lost in the shadowy splendor of the empyrean." And all the while he knew that the hour of Peel's fall was at hand, and that then nothing could intervene between himself and the leadership. A rich experience even for this artist in life.

Meanwhile, that no field should be left unturned, he was writing the splendid series of romances which would have kept green his fame had he never entered a drawing-room nor stood upon a platform. It is idle to criticise him who criticised everything, for, in truth, his works defy every sentiment save admiration. They are composed in a hurry, and without the proper sense of literature. When the author of "Alroy" believes he is writing lofty prose, he is only covering his pages with the blankest of verse. The color is generally as false as the sentiment, and never, save in such dazzling *tours de force* as "Ixion," "Popanilla," and the "Infernal Marriage," wherein the severe influence of Voltaire is still apparent, does the writer consider the claims of grammar or logic. But you forgive the extravagance, the sentiment, the folly of such brilliant experiments as "Tancred," "Sybil" and "Coningsby" for a thousand golden virtues. For here is the real Disraeli revealed—a mixture of romance and reality, scorn and gentleness. Compare the first volume of "Tancred" with the second, and you shall see the true meeting of East and West. You cannot imagine a greater contrast than glitters between Leander, that king of cooks, and Fakredeem, the immortal type of the adroit, unscrupulous, fascinating adventurer. Yet each is drawn with a precision and sympathy which could only proceed from intimate knowledge. Indeed, Disraeli belonged to many worlds, and he poured pell-mell into his romances his manifold experience. If the blameless young man and the virtuous maid eluded him, as they have eluded the rest, he drew such characters as are outside the common observation

with a skill that only can be matched in the great masters of fiction. His Mirabel, his Monmouth, his miraculous Sidonia, the ineffable Rigby, those prodigies of intrigue, Taper and Tadpole, who never despaired of the Commonwealth, the Marneys and Bellamonts—where shall you rival them for justice and understanding? And the wit of his dialogue, the aptness of his satire, the ferocity of his comment upon life, literature and art—they are all unparalleled and his own. Now, instead of appealing from the mediocrity of one to the mediocrity of many, he would hang an architect; now he sings the psalm of intrigue, and declares that youth and debt are the stimulus of action. But wherever you prick him, he sheds the blood of sincerity to himself. For his novels, if not autobiography, are still a transparent reflection of his moods and opinions. He wrote so rapidly that he had not time to mask his meaning; and he thought so deeply that he repeats himself again and again. If in his novels you find the germs of all his policies, if Cyprus is given to England by Tancred himself, and the Queen is already hailed Empress of India, so his speeches are little else than his romances, shaped for the voice and another audience. But at least this restless spirit had found another expression, this limitless ambition had won another pasturage.

Once upon a time, before he had taken his seat as member for Maidstone, he announced that if there was anything upon which he piqued himself it was consistency. Now, consistency, if it be the least offensive of the vices, is still the vilest of the virtues, which springs rather from the obstinacy of weakness than from the certainty of strength. But in a sense Disraeli was consistent, and his uniformity of opinion is readily explained. He began life with his career minutely sketched ("I mean to be prime minister," he told Lord Melbourne in 1835), and being emancipated from the catchwords of party, he was forced to formulate in his youth the creed of

popular Toryism, which guided him until the last. Yet in nothing was he so sincerely consistent as in his devotion to his race. He was a Jew first, an Englishman afterwards, and this whole-hearted loyalty was firmly established upon the rock of pride. Whether or no he had suffered from persecution, he "never imbibed that dislike for his race which the vain are apt to adopt when they find that they are born to public contempt." He, too, was vain; in truth, he scaled the heights of arrogance, but his vanity assumed another shape. For him the East was a career; his eyes were always turned towards the cradle of his race. Oriental in his taste, as in his lack of it, he believed that the patriarchs had laid down the laws of government for all time, and he would twist the policy of England until it harmonized with the ideals of the Hebrew kings. His books, his speeches, his life, were the acclamation of Jewish wisdom and Jewish grandeur. He pleaded the cause of his people without passion, but rather with that secure vallance which comes from the conscience of a just cause. Tancred's noble fantasy of the East, Alroy's unhappy devotion to a lost people, are but the loftiest expression of his constant dream. To read his eloquent argument is to wonder that in any corner of the world the foolish man should cry "Death" to the Jew. "All is race," says Sidonia; "there is no other truth;" and every race must decay "unless it lives in deserts and never mixes its blood." The Jews, it is certain, do not live in deserts, but they keep their blood pure, and so, for good or evil, they have become the rulers of the world. In "Coningsby" Sidonia, the concretion of the Hebrew intellect, as fine a gentleman, as adroit a politician, as profound a scholar, as ever stepped into the pages of a novel, would prove by example that the most learned students, the astutest diplomats, the most powerful ministers, and even many marshals of France, are of Abraham's seed. So far the argument is ornamental and extravagant; but Disraeli insists upon the perfect eman-

cipation of his people upon other and far more practical grounds. All the tendencies of the Jewish race, he declares, are conservative. How should a people, justly proud of its blood, ever patient in its observance of ceremonial, decline upon so ridiculous a doctrine as the equality of man? In brief, "the bias of the Jews is to religion, property and natural aristocracy; and it should be the interest of statesmen that this bias should be encouraged, and their energies and creative powers enlisted in the cause of existing society." As they have lived under a feudal system, so they are born with an understanding of monarchy and submission, and no people in the world is better fitted for patriotism than the people which to-day holds the keys of empire. Yet a foolish persecution of a great race would deprive Europe of a solidly conservative element, and that this persecution is unnecessary is proved not only by the large tolerance of many generations, but by the supremacy which the most devoted Jew of the century exercised over an aristocracy many centuries younger than his own. The argument is perfect, if you forget the vain prejudice of race, which makes justice a mockery and turns men into beasts of fury. But Disraeli carried his logic a step further, and asked with perfect reason who could "deny that Jesus of Nazareth is the eternal glory of the Jewish race?" In truth, it was his favorite maxim that the complete Jew believed not only in Sinai but in Calvary, and, said he, the Italian who accuses a Christian Jew of perversion has misread history. For the Jew has but fulfilled the Law and the Prophets, and the pagan, turned against his gods, is the true renegade.

But the soundest arguments war vainly with passion, and Disraeli's career was a finer championship of his race than all his logic. Yet there is one mystery which he cherished himself—the mystery of his character. He achieved so much, and he said so many things, that it has been a favorite pastime to discover inconsistencies in the most consistent hero of the century.

He was a Jew and a Christian, a Tory and a Radical, a novelist and an orator. Perhaps there were in him the seeds of many contrary things. But is it not far simpler to confess that he was a man of genius, who fulfilled himself in many ways, a prince of many kingdoms, who came into them all? Mystery was his pose, and yet he was the most candid of men. He could not, if he would, suppress his meaning. What he was in his books, so he was in his career; and while romance was his life, his life was a more brilliant romance than his own intrepid pen had dared to shape. But time, which spared his genius, indulged not his enemies; and he, who had been content to dream and to fight, was called to government. Henceforth he must desert adventure for accomplishment, romance for the hard, dry atmosphere of office. The career of Disraeli the Younger was finished; the novels were written, the satires laid aside; deeds must silence words; and the Cyprus dreamed of in "Tancred" should be ours, and the queen should in very truth be empress. For though the statesman of to-morrow must eclipse the enchanted Arabian of to-day, his heart was still faithful to romance, his face was still set towards the immortal East.

CHARLES WHIBLEY.

From *The Leisure Hour*.

WOMEN AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

It is just fifty years since Tennyson told how a merry party of youths and maidens tried to kill the tyrant Time by weaving the midsummer day-dream of a woman's college:—

With prudes for proctors, dowagers for
deans,
And sweet girl-graduates in their golden
hair.

In the last half-century this dream has taken shape, and become a reality; and among the many retrospects called forth by the approaching end of the century, and the celebration of the

sixty years' Jubilee, this great change in women's life and education cannot be overlooked.

Tennyson's pretty lines are often quoted as though they were the first suggestion of the kind in literature, but that is hardly correct. An earlier and more serious allusion to the subject may be found in Defoe's "Essay on Projects," where he introduces his scheme by remarking: "I have often thought of it as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a Christian country, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. . . . I cannot think that God Almighty ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms so agreeable and delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same accomplishment with men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks and slaves." For this unjust state of things some remedy must be found. Defoe's proposal was the foundation of women's colleges throughout England. There should eventually be one in every county, and about ten in the city of London. For their government certain rules should be laid down, to which all must submit, but no one should be compelled to remain in a college against her will, and it should be "felony without clergy for any man to enter by force or fraud into the house." Here surely is the germ of the Princess!

Defoe's colleges would have been little more than superior boarding-schools; but even this was a revolutionary proposal at a time when girls learnt nothing at all but "to stitch and sew, and such baubles. They are taught to read, indeed, and perhaps to write their names or so, and that is the height of a woman's education." This "project," like the rest, remained a project, but it is interesting as an indication that even in 1697 some of the subjects we are debating in 1897 were engaging attention.

Of course, the higher education of women is no new thing. Plato, who seems to have forestalled the moderns

on most points, would have given girls the same education as boys, while certain among the later Platonists really carried some of these theories into practice. We know that in the Middle Ages the convents were often centres of female learning; we have all heard of the lady professors at Bologna, and the classic attainments of Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey. It is a mistake to speak as though the existence of intellect among women were a discovery of the latter half of the nineteenth century. What the last fifty years have witnessed is a revival following on a peculiarly dark period, and one that has spread more widely and penetrated more deeply than any before it.

It is a curious and hopeful feature of the present revival that it has been going on simultaneously all over the civilized world. We hear of it in France and Russia, in Germany and Italy, in the United States and Australia. Everywhere the movement has spread, in some places smoothly amid universal favor, in others slowly overcoming obstacle and prejudice, but always, to use an Americanism, it has come to stay.

Fifty years ago the intellectual part of a girl's education was a very simple matter. Every family with any claim to respectability engaged a governess, and, according to their means, supplemented her efforts by engaging masters for languages and accomplishments. Sometimes a year or two at a fashionable boarding-school professed to "finish" the education that had never been begun. The governess's task was lightened by such valuable books as "Mangnall's Questions" and "Child's Guide to Knowledge," which supplied both teacher and pupil with their required share of information, and saved all trouble of preparation and thought. But there must have been some discontented spirits who desired better things, for when in 1848 the Governesses' Benevolent Association organized classes in Harley Street for the benefit of those who wished to

teach, they seem to have been well attended and appreciated. This was the origin of Queen's College, which still holds an important place among the educational institutions of London. Not many months afterwards Bedford College was opened in Bedford Square.

Thus a very important beginning had been made. Wider fields of study were open to girls; the public was gradually growing accustomed to the idea, and the way was prepared for the establishment of colleges more directly connected with the universities. Of these the first was Girton. Starting humbly with six students in a hired house at Hitchin, it made no secret of its ambitious aims. Some day, when the thought that inspired it should have taken proper shape, it was to be a fully equipped women's college, working in connection with Cambridge, pursuing the studies of the university and winning its degrees. With such ambitions the little band of students set to work, though at first their occupation was nothing more exciting than preparation for the elementary examination known as the "Little-go." The first obstacle overcome, the intrepid three, known by after-ages of Girtonians as "The Girton Pioneers," looked about for other and harder fields to conquer. The next step was the degree examination; but the ordinary had no charms, and, turning at once to honor work, two of the students studied for the classical tripos, and one for the mathematical. For these they were informally examined by the courtesy of the examiners, and obtained places equivalent to second and third classes. Thus the first laurels were won, and the fact that a woman could pass a tripos examination was established. Since then several hundred women have followed in the steps of the pioneers.

In 1872 the college was incorporated, and in the following year the buildings at Cambridge were ready for occupation. Twenty-four years have witnessed many changes and enlargements, but the founders built in hope, and from the very first prepared a

scheme which would admit of numerous additions without detriment to the original plan. The idea was to give something more than mere instruction. Girls were to live here for a while, away from their homes and the distractions of ordinary life, giving themselves to study amid congenial society and surroundings. If Emerson's view was right, that the chief benefit a man gets by going to college is having a room and fire of his own, it must be equally true for a girl, who, if she belongs to a large family, often has not even a bed-room to herself, and hardly five minutes in the day when she is secure against trivial interruptions. For her the little college set is a haven of rest. Girton is built on the two-room plan, *i. e.*, each student has a little study and a bed-room to herself. These form her own little sanctum, her "castle," where she can study in peace, and enjoy for the first time the delights of hospitality in her very own domain. Perhaps it is even her first opportunity of exercising her own taste in the arrangement of her surroundings. Most of the little Girton studies are gay with flowers, favorite pictures adorn the walls, favorite books fill the shelves, the large, flat-topped desk, with its roomy drawers, suggests comfortable work; there is usually an easy chair or two for the owner or a friend. Even a casual visitor to the college, who looks in on the bright studies or the beautiful library, or watches the gay groups at tea or tennis in the grounds, or in the long dining-room, when dinner and talk are the order of the day, will scarcely fail to be impressed with the additional happiness that has thus been brought into the lives of women.

Girton was the pioneer women's college in England, but very soon a similar institution grew up beside it. Newnham, though originating in a different movement, had a similar aim—to help liberalize the education of women. In 1866, Miss Clough, in an article published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, proposed that courses of lectures similar to those given in Queen's and Bedford Colleges should be given in

large towns by professors, and attended by the older girls from the various schools, as well as teachers who desired to improve themselves. The experiment was first tried at Liverpool, and spread to Manchester, Leeds and Sheffield. Associations of governesses and others interested in the education of girls were formed in these and other towns, and by the election of two members to represent each association, the North of England Council for promoting the Higher Education of Women was formed in 1867, Mrs. Butler acting as president and Miss Clough as secretary. Its first work was to provide lectures, the earliest delivered being on astronomy, followed by a course on English literature.

From these somewhat desultory beginnings better things were to follow. With a view to encouraging more systematic study in girls who had left school, this council petitioned the University of Cambridge to start an examination for girls over eighteen years of age. The outcome of this was the "Higher Local Examination." This resulted in a great stimulus to female education all over the country, for many women were glad to have some definite aim for their studies, with the prospect of winning a certificate which should prove its owner to have advanced at any rate beyond the mere school-girl stage of work. But more was to come of it. Cambridge had led the way in providing the examination, and to it the promoters now turned for other and more substantial help. In 1870 lectures dealing with the various subjects required for the examination were started at Cambridge; and with a view to enabling girls from other parts to use these advantages, a house for such students was opened here under the direction of Miss Clough. This little house in Regent Street was the germ of Newnham. As the numbers increased, removal to larger premises became necessary. Then came a second and final move to Newnham Hall, and this continued to grow and expand until it developed into the com-

bination of halls known as Newnham College.

Soon preparation for the Higher Local Examination failed to satisfy the ambition of the better prepared students, and they began to follow the example of Girton and read for triposes. The regular opening of these to women in 1881, and the formal acknowledgement of Girton and Newnham by the university, tended to draw the work of the two colleges more closely together, and definitely fix the work of both as preparation for the honors examinations of the University of Cambridge.

Both colleges have a tale of steady progress to tell. There were many prejudices to overcome, foremost among them the belief that these studies were too hard for women. Happily this fallacy could be dispelled by facts. For a long time mathematics was always quoted as the study most unsuited for women. Then came Miss Scott's success in the tripos. Those were the days of informal examinations, when no women's class-list was published, but somehow it leaked out at Cambridge that this lady had obtained a place equal to the eighth wrangler; and when the moderator who was reading out the list came to number eight, his voice was drowned by cries of "Scott of Girton," raised by the undergraduates.

This event aroused sufficient interest to be noticed by the papers, and the general public, realizing that one woman, at any rate, could grapple with this abstract study, changed their cry, and began to dwell on the incompatibility between the female brain and classics. It was Miss Ramsay, now Mrs. Butler, who put an end to this by taking the first place on the classical tripos list. Everyone has heard how a few years ago Miss Fawcett was senior wrangler, and apart from these and other startling successes, the yearly average of results at Girton and Newnham will compare well with those of any Cambridge college. That women were capable of mastering the

ordinary university curriculum was proved to demonstration.

But Cambridge had not been alone in doing this work. At Oxford, too, women's colleges were growing up. As early as 1865, a beginning had been made in the way of classes and lectures, and help was received from some of the most distinguished university men, but it was not till 1878 that the work was regularly organized by the Association for the Education of Women. This society led the way in procuring from the university many important concessions and privileges. Women are now admitted, under certain conditions, to nearly all the professorial and college lectures at Oxford, and all examinations leading to the degree of B. A. are open to them. Four halls of residence have gradually grown up at Oxford. These are Somerville College, Lady Margaret's, St. Hugh's and St. Hilda's. They are much smaller than their Cambridge prototypes, but resemble them in general arrangement. As at Newnham, each student has only one room, and much ingenuity is exercised in concealing the bed-room aspect. Here, as at Cambridge, are pretty little rooms gay with flowers and dainty knick-knacks, more dignified dining-halls where all meet for meals, grassy lawns, courts for tennis and hockey, the gay laughter of bright girlhood, intent in turn on working hard and playing hard.

These Oxford and Cambridge colleges possess such peculiar fascinations in the combination of quiet seclusion with the wider life of thought which the university sheds around it, that there is little fear lest they should ever lose their popularity, even though more substantial benefits should be reaped elsewhere. As we have all been reminded of late, women labor under one distinct disadvantage at the two older universities. Though they pursue the studies, keep the terms and pass the examinations prescribed for members of the university, degrees are not conferred upon them, and this is in some cases a serious disadvan-

tage when college is left behind and the work of life begun. Proposals have been made at both universities to remove this disability, and confer on women the right to use the letters B. A. which they have actually earned. The suggestion has, however, met with so decisive a negative that the anomalous position will, for the present, at any rate, have to continue. It is premature to guess how the difficulty will eventually be met. A proposal has been made to found a federal university, which shall include all the women's colleges, but it has found no influential support. The scheme was discussed at a meeting summoned early in December by the governors of Holloway College, but it was so decisively negatived that it is not likely to be brought forward again. The only thing it is safe to prophesy is that the colleges already founded will continue to exist, and others spring up by their side. To anyone who doubts this, I would say: Spend a day at either Oxford or Cambridge, visit the colleges for women, try to get a little insight into the work, and have a chat with the principals, and you will return assured that these institutions are bound to continue, because they are doing what could nowhere else be done as well. At the present moment increased accommodation is imperatively needed; and Girton is planning an important extension, which, if sufficient funds are forthcoming, will enable the college to admit fifty additional students. The plans include a chapel, urgently needed for the daily prayers and Sunday-evening services, and a new dining-hall, capable of seating two hundred and fifty. The old hall will be absorbed into the library, which is in a state of overflow.

Still ambitious girls who aspire to write the letters B. A. and M. A. after their names need no longer aspire in vain. The University of London was the first to confer the coveted titles. After some vain appeals to open the examinations to women and a preliminary informal trial, application was made for a supplementary charter,

granting the power to confer degrees on women. This was in 1878, and since then every degree, honor or prize awarded by the university has been accessible to both sexes on equal terms. Here, as elsewhere, women have proved equal to their new responsibilities; large numbers have taken the B. A., over fifty the M. A. degree, while five are doctors of science and one of literature. In many cases these honors were gained by women who had studied at Oxford or Cambridge, and took the London examinations as well, in order to be able to use the degree.

In spite of the many schemes propounded for making London a teaching university, it is as yet only an examining and degree-conferring body, and in no way concerns itself with the manner in which its graduates obtain their instruction. But this is easily to be had by women. University College, true to its motto, *Cuncti adsint*, many years ago opened its lecture rooms to them; but perhaps Bedford College has the chief claim to be regarded as the women's centre of London University. Starting in Bedford Square as early as 1849, with no thought of anything so ambitious as university studies, it was removed in 1874 to two houses in York Place, where it has since acquired a third. The passer-by in the Atlas omnibus would scarcely suspect anything very collegiate to be concealed by those ordinary-looking fronts in Baker Street, with the very appropriate motto on some of the windows: "*Esse quam videri*." Bedford College is a great deal more than it seems from outside, as those will learn who are privileged to penetrate beyond the front door, and peep at the pleasant dining-hall where the residents take their meals, the bright and tasteful combination room where they rest from their labors, and the well-furnished library where every convenience for study is afforded. All these are in front, but far away, in mysterious regions at the back, are chemical, physical and other laboratories, equipped with all the most

modern appliances. Above the second floor the space is given to students' rooms, and in this way it is possible to provide for residents as well as for those who live in London, and merely attend lectures here. Regent's Park, where the students row their races on the lake in the early morning hours, is a somewhat inadequate substitute for college grounds, but when it was founded, cricket and hockey for girls were things unknown, and would have been regarded with even more alarm than classics and mathematics. Thus Bedford is, and remains, a town college, and enjoys the privileges as well as the disadvantages of its position.

Its history and growth are very closely connected with the opening of the London degrees to women. It makes presentation day at London University its commemoration day, and all students, past and present, meet there then to welcome the new graduates. Among the college treasures are included the original signatures of the distinguished men and women who signed the appeal to the university praying for the opening of the medical degrees. It does not, however, undertake to supply the medical teaching. This work is done elsewhere, and the medical school in Handel Street and the beautiful women's hospital in the Euston Road should be visited by those who wish to know what this concession has done for helpers and sufferers.

Westfield College at Hampstead also prepares students for the London degrees, and so does that very magnificent institution, Holloway College. The history of Holloway is unlike that of any of the other colleges. It is the only one of which it might be said that it was made and did not grow. Instead of being slowly and painfully evolved like the rest, as money could be found to meet the increasing needs, it was set down at Egham all complete and equipped, thanks to the munificence of Mr. Thomas Holloway. It was formally opened by the queen in 1886, before anyone exactly knew what was to be done with it, but build-

ings so extensive and grounds so beautiful could not long remain unused. A principal and a staff of lecturers were appointed, and a few students offered themselves. The real difficulty was that the college was not connected with any university, and had, therefore, not only to provide all its own teaching, but also to win its own prestige—a far more difficult thing to do. The founder's intention was that the college should be self-centred and complete, containing all its own resources; in fact, he hoped that some day it would become a sort of women's university, conferring its own degrees. His models were American institutions like Vassar and Wellesley, and as a result it was some time before the new college would win favor in England. In fact, it could only do so by adapting itself to English needs, and preparing its students for the London degrees, or the Oxford University examinations, as residence is not exacted from students who enter for these. A new degree is apt to be looked on askance in this country, and the degree of a distinctly feminine university would be specially liable to challenge. The governors have therefore been well-advised in keeping for the present to old and well-tried paths, and the success of students in the London examinations is gradually helping to fill the many vacant places. An even greater attraction is the building itself and the charms of its position.

It stands on rising ground near Egham, and within a short walk of Windsor, and the grounds slope with a southern aspect towards the wooded valley below. The building is in the French Renaissance style, and Chambord is said to have served as model. It consists of two quadrangles, called respectively, after the statues in the centre, Queen's and Founder's Quadrangles. Both the long sides are given up to students' rooms, the bed-rooms being on one side of the corridor and the studies on the other, while the lecture halls and principal's rooms occupy the four angles. The north and south sides are used for the picture gallery,

chapel, museum and library, while the cross buildings in the centre provide accommodation for the dining-hall and kitchens. A picture gallery is an unwonted luxury at an English college, and this one contains many pictures famous in their day, which mysteriously disappeared from public sight, while awaiting the completion of their new home. When the college was opened, it was found that this was their ultimate destination. Those who desire once more to see Long's Babylonian Marriage Market and Frith's Railway Station, must look for them here, as also for Millais' Princes in the Tower, and many other beautiful and celebrated works.

Prominent as is the position taken by London, it is by no means the only English university that grants degrees to women. Once the barriers broken down, it was natural that a new institution should from the first open its doors to both sexes alike. In 1880, when the university colleges of Manchester, Liverpool and Leeds were incorporated as Victoria University, the charter distinctly stated that its degrees and distinctions might be conferred "on all persons, male or female, who shall have pursued a regular course of study in a college in the university, and shall submit themselves for examination." In 1895 Durham followed suit, and opened its degrees in all faculties except theology.

Of recent experiments, none is more interesting than that now being made by gallant little Wales. The charter, which combines into one university the three colleges of Bangor, Cardiff and Aberyswith was only granted in 1894. It contains this clause: "Women shall be eligible equally with men for admittance to any degree which the university is by this our charter authorized to confer; every office hereby created in the university, and membership of every authority hereby constituted, shall be open to women equally with men." But equality goes even farther than this. The charter, in determining the composition of the governing body known

as the University Court, insists that some of its members must be women. Here, then, we have the "mixed university" in full working order, and it will be interesting to see whether this newest of our academic institutions is able to steer clear of all the prophesied ills, and show that men and women can work side by side for their mutual advantage.

If Wales has been generous, what shall we say of Scotland? Here the universities are no mushroom growth, but time-honored, hoary institutions with plenty of traditions of their own. Yet they too have opened their doors. Here also the beginnings were humble, and associations for the higher education of women tentatively led the way. But here, as elsewhere, this proved unnecessary, and gradually the ordinary classes and lectures were opened to the new comers. In 1892 the Scotch universities were empowered to admit women to graduation, and they all availed themselves of the permission. In some cases, classes for men and women are held separately, and this is frequently done in medical work, where we are inclined to regard it as a distinct advantage, provided that the teaching which the women receive is as good as that given to the men.

The very latest of all the universities in the United Kingdom to make concessions was Trinity College, Dublin; but even here the example of Oxford and Cambridge has at last prevailed, and certain honor examinations have been thrown open, at present experimentally. The Royal University of Ireland makes no distinction of sex, but like London it supplies no teaching.

It is private munificence and enterprise that have given England her women's colleges, and worked at the breaking down of barriers, while in most Continental countries the initiative has been taken by the state. The system of residential colleges in the university, with their tutorial system, is peculiarly English; and elsewhere the question of women's higher education resolves itself largely into that of

admitting them to university lectures and degrees. Probably few people in this country realize how widely this has been done. In France, Italy, Switzerland, Norway and Sweden, Belgium and Holland, the position of women at the universities is practically the same as that of men. Spain and Greece are equally willing to admit any who care to come. Even the German universities are making concessions, though as yet none of them admit women to membership. Almost everywhere they may by special permission attend lectures as "hearers," and in this capacity no fewer than one hundred and fourteen were admitted at Berlin last session. Göttingen and Heidelberg led the way in conferring the doctor's degree, and several towns have started girls' *gymnasias* (classical high schools), where the pupils are prepared for the *Abituriencexamen* (matriculation), which is the "Open Sesame" to the German universities. Austria, too, is waking up; even Russia, which some time ago adopted a system of stern suppression, is inclined, under its new czar, to make concessions. Anyone who is curious to learn the exact position of women at all the universities of Europe should consult a little book issued by the Graduate Club of Bryn Mawr College, near Philadelphia, the "Handbook to Courses Open to Women in British, Continental and Canadian Universities." All the information has been obtained at first hand, and to ensure accuracy, a supplement or a new edition will be issued every year. Turning over its pages, we are startled at the changes effected within the last few years. No matter what study a girl now wishes to pursue, be it medicine, law, classics, science, philosophy, somewhere she can obtain her desire.

The barriers have fallen. Two points have been gained. Women are permitted to study. They have proved themselves capable of doing it. The third question is now facing us. Is this change for good or for evil? Are women happier than they used to be? Are they better? Well, on the whole, we will venture to answer boldly in

the affirmative. They are both happier and better, because their lives are fuller and more useful. The pages of our older novelists afford some pictures of the lives led by their heroines in the days when girls were trained for a purely ornamental lot. We get glimpses of the gossip, the terrible drawings, the atrocious music of the "accomplished" but uneducated girls of those days, who killed time by working animals in crape, and flowers in chenille, but rarely seem to have contemplated anything so useful as making a dress or cooking the dinner.

The change is not wholly due to the university training of women, but it has had a large share in it, in promoting the desire for thorough and serious work in all departments, whether philanthropical, industrial or educational. One university woman holds an important post in the labor department of the Board of Trade, another has been appointed senior lady inspector of factories, others hold positions as superintendents in the women's departments of polytechnics. Many are engaged in the important work of the Women's University Settlement at Southwark, to say nothing of the army of teachers and lecturers, who have done so much to advance and broaden girls' education of late years.

Least of all must the medical profession be overlooked. In both the London and the Scotch schools many earnest women are qualifying themselves, in the hope of helping their sisters in India, to whom no man doctor is allowed access. Others intend to become medical missionaries, many will remain in England, either taking private practice or filling important posts as medical officers in female asylums or other institutions. Many educationalists are beginning to realize the importance of having a doctor connected with every school to watch the physical progress of the girls, and see that their health does not suffer from too much intellectual strain or excessive indulgence in athletics. This, too, is work which women alone can per-

form, and we may hope much for the health of the coming generation, when once this medical inspection has become established in our schools.

There is plenty of work, too, for women on our school boards, boards of guardians, etc.; and as yet the harvest is more plentiful than the laborers. But it is educated, disciplined women who are wanted, whether their training has been received at college or elsewhere. The universities supply one means amongst many for broadening and deepening the lives of women, for giving them that knowledge which is power. The last fifty years have sown the seed; may the next fifty reap the harvest!

ALICE ZIMMERN.

From *The Cornhill Magazine*.
A FATEFUL DINNER PARTY.

I.

"While my stern lord seeks covert from my illiterate prattle in an assumed desire for sleep," wrote a dainty lady at her davenport, "I fly to pen and ink, with the request that you, dear Mr. Carruthers, will favor us with your stately presence this evening. At the usual hour. Are you puzzling over this short invitation? I despise subterfuge; you are but the Man from Blankley's! What bait will entice so modern a youth? Your dyspeptic palate shall taste each of the dishes which a fond mother specially begged me never to give you. Say yes, if you please, to the bearer.—E. S."

The stern lord had by this time ceased his unmanly feigning, and was beaming at this little wife over mild blue spectacles.

"It will be very awkward," she remarked in an absent way, "if Arthur Carruthers declines to appear."

"Here is tea, my love," said her husband. "Tell Steyne to take your note and bring back word at once."

The Benares tray was wrestling with its circle of legs as he spoke.

"Don't stay to do that, Steyne," said

the lady. "Take a cab at once with this note to York Chambers."

The man vanished.

"If Arthur Carruthers doesn't come," resumed Lady Sloane, "it will be more awkward than ever with Annabel Stainforth."

"She can go with Major Blythe," said her husband.

"Engaged to Carol Lee," was the laconic reply.

"To be sure, my dear," assented the sage; "I had forgotten. Young people are for ever getting engaged. Well, she can pair off with Herbert Whilkie."

"Bound to take down Daisy Smithers," said her ladyship.

"Bound, my love?" asked the other tentatively. "Also engaged?"

"Not engaged," was the answer, "but bound."

"To be sure," said her husband. "Put it the other way, my dear—engaged, but not bound—and your words would have a wide application."

"This is not a time to be cynical, Joshua," said Lady Sloane severely. "Bring your soaring mind down to my level for one moment. If Carruthers declines, we have nobody to take down Annabel Stainforth."

"Well, my dear," was the reply, "if we haven't, we haven't. The Honorable Annabel must face calamity with her ancestral pride."

"Ah," sighed his wife, "men are easily— My dear Joshua, here is a note on the tray, and that man never mentioned it!"

"You hustled him off rather sharply, my love," said the professor.

The lady was too engrossed with her reading to recriminate. When she looked up, it was to fix her eyes full on her husband and say with awful intensity: "Annabel cannot come! Arthur Carruthers will have been fetched in as a make-up, and find he has no lady to take down."

"I thought your summons a trifle precipitate," said this Job's comforter.

"Now, I like that!" cried his small spouse, firing up. "Next time a guest disappoints us, Sir Joshua, let us wait

till within three minutes of the dinner-hour to make sure there is no further catastrophe, and then you shall take a hansom down to Cheapside and the Borough, and compel the first tramp to come in. Talk of *women* being unreasonable!"

"Bravo, Betty!" said the professor, delighted. He crossed over to the arm of her chair. "I never saw you look prettier," he continued, patting a very flushed cheek.

"Joshua," said its owner, with stateliness, "I forgive you because there is no time to do otherwise."

A knock at the door brought the professor to his feet with sudden agility.

"Mr. Carruthers' compliments, ma'am," said Steyne, "and he will be happy to dine with you to-night."

The door closed.

Sloane relapsed on to his previous perch. "Well, Betty?" he said.

Brought face to face with the horrible certainty, the lady seemed to recover her nerve.

"There is only one possible girl," she said calmly, "and that is the Newnhamite from next door. She is good-natured, and doesn't give herself airs."

"A paragon!" cried Sir Joshua.

"But," continued the other, in warning tones, "Laura Lamb will be dressed in the Flop style."

"And what may be the Flop style, my love?" asked her husband, carefully replacing a stray tendril of gold.

"The Flop style," said his lady, "is when your waist measures forty inches, and you take a sash and tie it straight round you."

"Dear me!" said Sir Joshua. "A very drastic proceeding, to be sure. And did you do that, my dear, when you were at Newnham?"

"Joshua," retorted his wife, "how dare you insinuate that my waist—"

"Let us always be sure of our facts," interrupted the sage, resorting to a familiar, if inexact, method of measurement.

A brief scuffle ensued.

Order being restored, the lady turned to her davenport. "Well," she said, pausing a moment, pen in hand,

"which is more likely to upset Arthur Carruthers—to have no girl at all, or to have one got up in the mode he entirely abominates?"

"The one contingency, my love," said Sir Joshua, "will make *him* look a fool; the other will emphasize the fact that *she* looks one. Which is Mr. Carruthers likely to choose?"

"Cynic again!" cried his wife. "Well, this is the last time he will ever put himself out to oblige *me*—that is certain."

"Indeed!" said the professor; and he tidied up a fresh lock of hair.

II.

The bad Fifteen Minutes was already twenty-five, and Miss Lamb had not yet appeared.

"My wife says," murmured Sir Joshua to an old crony of his, Mrs. Samuels, "that Miss Lamb is tying a sash the whole way round her waist."

"What a waste of sash!" laughed Mrs. Samuels.

"Scandalous!" said the professor. "Mrs. Samuels, I abjure your society." And he moved off to Arthur Carruthers.

That immaculate youth stood upright and stiff near the fire-place. To say that he was perfection is to say nothing. He created an atmosphere of it around him. He exhaled it like a perfume. One was grateful to him for situating himself in the landscape; the very hearth-rug acquired an air of distinction from his boots.

"We are under a great obligation to you, Mr. Carruthers," said the host.

"Not at all, Sir Joshua," replied the youth; "I accepted your kindness from motives the most interested."

"He means," interposed Lady Sloane, who had been talking to him, "that his landlady has for weeks given him nothing but mutton."

"And have you explained, my dear," queried her husband, "that we are tonight offering him the younger variety?"

"Joshua, you are preposterous!" cried the lady. "I shall have to go and scold Mrs. Samuels. You always be-

have like this when she has been talking to you." And she sailed off.

"I understand," remarked Carruthers to the professor, "that we wait for the lady I am to take down?"

"Quite so," was the answer. "You have heard that the Hon. Annabel Stainforth signed off at the last? Miss Lamb was a college chum of my wife's. I have never yet seen her. She is said to be an intellectual girl."

"Oh, yes!" said Carruthers. His voice was without the slightest inflection, and he looked at his boots.

At this moment the expected guest was announced. Carruthers caught a rapid impression of breadth without length in sea-green, with a mass of dark hair; and it moved across the room to the entertainers.

"Dear me!" said Sir Joshua hurriedly. "How do you do, Miss Lamb? It is exceedingly kind of you to come like this."

"It was so kind of Lady Sloane to ask me," said a voice with the quality of velvet.

"Women's Rights, my dear," remarked a dowager *sotto voce* to her daughter. "Don't you ever let me catch you looking like that."

"No, mamma," said the daughter resignedly. She was herself of a half-baked appearance, with wisps of dun hair, and a slim figure stylishly equipped. Arthur Carruthers, meanwhile, had turned scarlet. The sight of his destiny had startled him into so audible a gasp of "Good Heavens!" as to provoke a titter from his next neighbor; so that the rapid presentation, and general move to the door, found and left him in a state of eclipse very strange in that rising star of the Home Office.

To the obvious call for a remark he was at first quite unable to respond. Half-way down the stairs he became desperate. Ceasing to glare wildly at the man just in front of him, he turned to Miss Lamb with a brilliant sally: "How objectionable these fogs are! I do detest this bad weather."

"The last time I made that remark," said his partner, "it was to an old

Quaker lady. What do you think she said?"

"Begged you, no doubt, to tell her something less startling," said Carruthers savagely.

"Exactly so," was the reply; "she was shocked and appalled. If we were good Christians, she said, we should be thankful for fogs; and if we were not, we deserved to have no weather at all."

"Then for once," he rejoined, "I should be thankful to get my deserts."

"You do not feel to have got them at this moment?" asked Miss Lamb.

"That is ambiguous," said Carruthers; "I decline to commit myself."

They were wading to their seats as he spoke, and found themselves directly on the hostess's right. Carruthers turned with ardor to Lady Sloane. On Miss Lamb's other side sat the major, deep in talk with Carol Lee. The soup and fish passed without a word to disturb the current of our friend's meditations; so great, indeed, was the confusion of tongues that she had small pretext even for feigning interest in the conversation of those opposite. Carruthers was holding forth to Lady Sloane and her neighbor with the defiant sparkle that illumines successful wickedness. Suddenly, during a slight lull in the roar, Laura caught words of interest on her right.

"If you don't wish to go to Niagara with me, James," Miss Lee was observing, "I had rather you would say so straight out. It annoys me very much when people are afraid to say 'No,' and expect one to be on the look-out for hints."

"Some people are so much on the look-out for hints," growled the major, "that they see them when they aren't there."

"You can't possibly pretend," said his partner sharply, "that you have done anything but raise objections to what I proposed."

"So did you," rejoined her fiancé, "when I proposed."

"I wonder you are not ashamed of yourself," she said irritably. "Any-

how, I shall go to Niagara, but it will not be with you."

"May a fellow guess?" inquired Blythe.

"Don't trouble yourself," said Miss Lee. "I shall apply to Arthur Carruthers."

"What is amusing that girl opposite?" murmured Miss Lamb's *vis-à-vis* to her neighbor.

"Can't imagine," was the reply. "Can the lovers have quarrelled? Blythe looks in the sulks, and Lord Ainley is talking to Carol. Your girl with the frill has a beautiful mouth, by the way. Watch her trying not to laugh! The curves would do for Rossetti."

"Er— do you bike?" said Major Blythe, turning to Laura.

"A little," she replied. "I am not specially fond of it."

"Prefer smokin', perhaps?" asked the gentleman.

"Bless me, no!" said Miss Lamb with emphasis. "What on earth makes you say that?"

"Oh, I don't know," was the off-hand reply. "My fiancée here told me you were at Girtton, or Newnham, or something, and I've always supposed the girls there smoke."

"Yes?" said Miss Lamb, interrogatively. "You have known several who did so, no doubt?"

"Well, no," he replied. "Can't say I've had the pleasure. Very fascinating and all that, but a bit too clever for me. I like to know where I am with a girl, don't you know?"

"A misunderstanding is always horrid," said his neighbor sympathetically.

"Oh, it isn't that I misunderstand them," said Major Blythe. "I'm not what you might call clever, and that kind of thing, but I flatter myself I can see through any woman alive. Got it in me, you know. The thing is, that with these learned sort of girls there's nothing you want to see into. Give me human nature—that's what I always say. 'Proper study of mankind,'

you know, and that kind of thing. But if you cram a girl with books and ideas—that's my point—there's no girl left."

"To be sure," assented Laura. "I had not looked at it in that light before."

"There you are, you see," said her neighbor, encouragingly. "What I always say is, 'Tisn't a bit of good runnin' amuck against new ideas; give 'em their head, and they'll soon listen to reason.' If I'd told you I didn't approve of the higher education of women at the first go-off, you'd most likely have been in such a takin' I shouldn't have got a word in edge-ways. Now, you see, you can't help seein' it for yourself—can you?"

"You make it all so plain," said Miss Lamb. "I always find a man's point of view very interesting."

"Ah," said the major, impressively, "the thing is, you don't often get it. Most men are afraid of tellin' a woman what they really think. They seem to imagine she'll be laughin' at 'em. There's one of my friends, now; many's the time I've said to him: 'Tom, you're a downright stoopid. If you say to a girl what you mean, and say it as if you meant it, she'll think a deal more of you than if you're forever dodgin' her opinions like a sun-struck grasshopper. If the girl's a fool, her opinion isn't worth considerin'; and if she's not, ten to one she'll admit that you're right.' That's about it, I think, Miss—I beg your pardon—thanks—yes—Miss Lamb?"

"A sublime theory," said Laura. "What's more, the argument hasn't a leak. But do you think a man never takes himself too seriously?"

"What do you call takin' yourself too seriously?" asked the major.

"Well—I don't know," stammered the lady. "It's rather hard to explain. But suppose a whim seized you for the moment, and you mistook it for a solid opinion?"

"I should be doin' just what a woman does always," said Blythe. "That's exactly what I've been sayin' to Carol. Here she's got this notion

she must go to Niagara, and nothin' I can say will prevent her. It's her principle that she never gives way. So it is mine. Besides, I've been to Niagara. Where's the fun in doin' a thing twice? And it isn't her business to argue. So I've just left her alone. Do you believe in arguin', Miss Lamb?"

The lady facing Laura gave her neighbor a stealthy poke. "Look at Carruthers," she said, under her breath. "These people are as good as a play."

The immaculate one had for several minutes been sitting bolt upright, with a forced look of haughty indifference. Lady Sloane, annoyed at his continued rudeness to her guest, had unmistakably turned on him one shoulder, and engaged her whole attention on her left. Whereupon Carruthers, feeling that the time had come to emerge from the cloud of displeasure, had turned his bright beam upon his partner, only to find that his plate was thrice changed before he had the least chance of breaking in upon her chatter with Major Blythe. Therefore he sat with what of offended majesty he could muster.

A high-pitched voice caused him to turn his head hastily.

"Mr. Carruthers!" said Carol Lee. She was a tall girl, with a neck long and supple as a swan's. As she leaned elegantly back in her chair, Carruthers turning to listen, the pair might have formed part of a decorative design, with the short major and Laura filling an abbreviated foreground. Nor was the effect lost on the humorous Mrs. Samuels, who, egged on by her partner, was taking mental notes of the comedy that faced her, with a view to the delectation of their host.

"Do you happen to be disengaged any morning next week, Mr. Carruthers?" asked Miss Lee.

"May I know why?" he replied. "Nominally, I am engaged every morning. But I might easily be led from the path of strict virtue."

"Will you stray in the direction of Niagara?" said Miss Lee.

"Under whose guidance?" asked Carruthers.

"Mine," said the lady.

"I will," he replied. "Name the day and hour."

"Will Thursday do, at eleven?" asked Carol.

"Thank you," he replied. "You will allow me to call for you?"

"Not a bit of it!" interposed Major Blythe, across Laura's face. "Carol's engaged to me for Thursday, Carruthers. Sorry to be in any way disoblign', but there you are."

"Miss Lee's commands are for Thursday," said Carruthers, stiffly; "I shall call for her then."

"Just look here, Carol," said that lady's proprietor. . . . But what passed between the devoted pair was not audible.

"Is a catastrophe imminent?" asked Miss Lamb.

"H'm!" said Carruthers, with an air of mystery.

"Is that meant to imply things unutterable?" continued the lady.

"I suppose it is always permitted to keep one's eyes open," answered Carruthers.

"And one's lips closed?" added Laura.

Carruthers reddened.

"Have you visited the Burne-Jones yet, Lady Sloane?" he asked.

"I have not," said that lady. "Laura," she added, bending forward, "talking of pictures, did you ever find the photographs you lost in Lübeck?"

"Look at that girl's eyes!" murmured Mrs. Samuels. "Now that she's really interested, she's a different person. If for two months some one would give her to me to dress, she should take London by storm. Doctor, I bet you a packet of pins she'd be the rage."

"Done," said her neighbor. "But as the experiment can never come off, we might bet something more spacious. Her voice is the thing I like best in her. Just listen to Carol Lee and the major! They're still at it, hammer and tongs. And that young puppy oppo-

site! For once he is getting put in his place."

"How hard you men are on each other!" laughed Mrs. Samuels. "Poor Arthur is always dyspeptic."

"Quite so," said the other dryly. "Pineapple is apt to produce that effect."

"Have you consigned me to perdition for touching banana?" asked his partner.

"I have long ago given you up, Mrs. Samuels," said the physician. "To the end of the chapter you will eat, drink and say what you like, and continue to thrive on it."

"Amen!" sighed the lady. "Much as I love you, I do not mean to add to your income." And she swept from her seat.

"Mr. Carruthers," said Carol's clear voice as she turned to depart, "I shall expect you at eleven on Thursday."

III.

Laura's feelings, as she modestly took the tail-end of the long line of ladies, were a trifle satirical. She had not been long in the drawing-room when her hostess came up to her. "Laura," she said, "I am feeling apologetic."

"But why, Betty?" asked her friend, smiling at her.

"No one else would seek far for the reason!" replied Lady Sloane. "However, it is just like you to take it so sweetly. I want to introduce you to Mrs. Samuels. She sat opposite you at dinner, and admired you so much." . . .

"Miss Lamb," said Mrs. Samuels, "come and tell me all about Oxford. No? Well, I thought Newnham was there. You see, my dear, I belong to the prehistoric age that knew nothing. Sir Joshua would tell you that the lizards lived then, but you mustn't believe all he says. But, of course, you know all about lizards. Don't you vivisect worms?"

"Do you think I do?" asked Miss Lamb, looking her in the face.

"No, my dear, not for a moment," said the older lady. "You have very

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nice eyes, and you know how to use them. I assure you I was quite jealous at dinner; my doctor would do nothing but stare at you. And what did you think of your partners?"

Laura laughed.

"That's right," said Mrs. Samuels approvingly. "Always laugh at a man when he's tiresome. It's the one thing that makes them quite helpless. Don't you think so?"

"I can't venture on an opinion," replied Laura. "I know nothing about them. I have no brothers, no uncles, no cousins. And I hardly ever come across a man."

"Well, to be sure!" said her friend. "Give me my Saurian epoch by preference! And so you have been blissfully happy with your lady friends and your maiden aunts?"

"And my work," added Laura.

"Ah," said the other quickly, "I was forgetting the books. And if they are not about worms, what is it you do?"

"Mental and moral science," said the girl quietly.

"And what may that be?" asked the garrulous lady.

"I decline to say another word on the subject, Mrs. Samuels," replied our friend with a laugh.

"You think I shouldn't understand you, Miss Lamb," scolded the other. "We Antediluvians are more intelligent than you think. When one knows nothing, one has to live by one's wits. Do you follow me?"

Laura looked at her. "Why do you carry on this jest of knowing nothing?" she asked; "do you think me a fool?"

"Be it far from me," replied her friend promptly. "If you knew how afraid I am of your wisdom, you wouldn't bully me."

Laura was silent.

"Now, my dear, I have vexed you," said Mrs. Samuels, catching at her hand. "I am a foolish old woman. But, you know, we antiques are so envious of you girls that we try to console ourselves by a little teasing. A cheap revenge, but it's all we have."

"You are not in the least envious,"

said Laura, turning to face her. "You know perfectly well that, if you had the choice, nothing would induce you to change your life for mine."

"My dear girl," said the older lady gently, "there are two sides to every question. What you say is probably true. All the same, my envy of your studies is genuine. Picking up odds and ends gives one just enough taste for what's good to be anxious for more. Now be kind, and tell me all about the life in your college."

Lady Sloane was conversing with the dowager.

"My dear Lady Sloane," said that dignified person, "who in the world is that young woman Mrs. Samuels has got hold of?"

"A friend of mine," said the hostess, "Miss Lamb."

"A great oddity, surely," continued the dowager. "Why does she dress in that sack? How preposterous! Why do the young women of the present day think they can wear what they like? My mother would have boxed my ears if I had appeared looking like that. It's all of a piece with the way they go skating and cycling. I don't blame young men now for not marrying. Most undesirable that they should—most undesirable."

"You think it time the race became extinct?" suggested her hostess.

"Race is a word that means nothing to me," said the dowager haughtily. "I permit none of my family to keep horses. My sons hire a hack when they wish to ride."

"Of course a stud is very expensive," said Lady Sloane innocently.

"The expense is nothing to me," answered the dowager. "It's the wickedness of the thing that I mind. Besides, it means a great deal of money which at present we can spend on our charities. My elder daughter has an allowance of forty pounds for her dress, and I am always urging her to leave a margin for bounty. She is not as careful to do so as I could wish. But I need not say that I am very particular about her appearance. Nothing would

induce me to take her out dressed like Miss Lamb, for example."

"Miss Lamb spends a great deal on charity," remarked Lady Sloane.

"I don't approve of neglecting home calls," said the dowager sternly. "If Miss Lamb gets no husband, she will have failed in her duty to her parents. I could not but observe her tactless behavior to Mr. Carruthers."

"For the credit of my salon," said her ladyship coldly, "I trust you did not observe Mr. Carruthers' behavior to Miss Lamb."

"Mr. Carruthers' deportment is highly correct," answered the dowager. "I could wish that my niece, Carol Lee, had encouraged his addresses rather than Major Blythe's. I hear that Mr. Carruthers is just coming in for a very large legacy from his grandfather. But I have fancied that he is attracted to my younger girl, Mabel. There is nothing of which I more entirely disapprove than a marriage for money. But this is an age when vast good may be done, and I know what a grief it would be to dear Louisa or Mabel to feel that they would never have enough to relieve the necessities."

"Quite so," said Lady Sloane pensively. "Charity, as you said, begins at home."

"I don't know that I understand you," said the dowager suspiciously. "But I have been told that you are a good friend of Mr. Carruthers. In my young days it was supposed that a wife would be content with her husband. These platonic affections—"

"Interest those who have never attracted them," interrupted the hostess. "Perhaps the society of a lady is uncongenial to you, dowager. Permit me to fetch Mr. Carruthers."

"Watch Carruthers making up to the dowager!" said Mrs. Samuels to her new friend. "I'm sorry to interrupt what you were saying about the High Table, my dear, but it reminds me of my own youth, when I was a friend of King Arthur's. Now don't laugh at me, Laura. For an educated girl, I

consider you exceedingly flippant and undeserving to be called by your surname. There is mine host! Come and talk to us this moment, Sir Joshua. What a time you men have been dawdling down-stairs! I always make my husband tell me the little stories when we get home. Now I have ever such a funny comedy to relate to you about this girl and dear Arthur. She has practically stolen the major's heart from Carol Lee, and made Arthur look greener from jealousy than from two helpings of pineapple."

"H'm," grunted the professor. "I have an impression that this is the last time his verdant smile will brighten our scenery. When my Betty gets really annoyed, she lets people know it."

"Very naughty of her," said Mrs. Samuels. "Why don't you keep her in better order, professor? These Newnham girls are unbinding society."

"Ah!" sighed the professor; and his eyes sought out his Betty.

"Laura?" whispered Mrs. Samuels, jogging that lady's arm violently. "Here comes Major Blythe. What did I tell you?"

"What cheer?" said the gallant officer, strolling up. "What have you ladies been amusing yourselves with, all this time?"

"Nothing," said Mrs. Samuels. "We have been in the depths of despair. Miss Lamb has gone so far as to confide in me her wish that she had been born a nursemaid, and could hire a life-guardsmen for Sundays."

"Mrs. Samuels!" protested Laura.

"To be sure!" said the professor. "When we look at Major Blythe, we feel that every young lady must wish the same."

"You're very kind," said the major, much flattered. "Not in the Guards myself, but the compliment's equal. Do you feel like hirlin' me now on approval, Miss Lamb?"

"Yes, yes!" said Mrs. Samuels. "Laura shall pay you half-a-crown an hour, while I take Sir Joshua, and leave Carol to console Lady Sloane."

"Ah!" said the major, looking glum;

"you bet your bottom dollar that Carol will console herself. Lady Sloane won't need to go shares with the tear bottle."

"Then come with me, professor," said Mrs. Samuels, "and we'll disarm the wrath of your winsome marrow. Laura, I expect you to tea next Tuesday." And the elderly couple went off, Major Blythe seizing on the vacant chair with martial promptitude.

"What an artful woman you are!" said Sir Joshua.

"My dear soul," was the answer, "you never will allow for my age. Look at Carol Lee flirting with Carruthers! Your Betty has had a spar with the dowager. I watched the two scratching. Let us go and stroke that old baronial fur."

"Yes," Carruthers was saying, "I quite agree with you, Miss Lee. I like womanly women. Nothing seems to me more wholly contemptible than for a girl to be wrapped up in herself. Critical, carping, unsympathetic, that is what women are nowadays. No man can cherish an ideal where that is the case. I assure you, Miss Lee, I have gone through life in vain, searching for one whom I could fall down and worship. A true man must love on his knees. And I have found it impossible—impossible!"

He fixed tragic eyes on the carpet. Both were silent a moment.

"What am I to say?" said Miss Lee softly; "what can one say to such an indictment?"

"You perhaps can say nothing," replied Arthur. "I can say that I have never yet lost my belief that there must be somewhere, somehow, an exception."

His gaze deserted the carpet. Carol's head bent elegantly on her swan-like neck.

"Do you not think," she said again in low tones, "that, for most of us, life is but the search for an ideal never reached? We think we find it, we bind ourselves to it with the threefold cord, we wake to find it a horrible mockery,

and the true ideal yearns to us across a hopeless waste."

Carruthers was silent while he looked at her. He turned slowly away.

"And then?" he inquired.

Miss Lee paused; afterwards she added: "Then a woman's heart breaks."

"Mr. Carruthers," said the dowager blandly, sailing up in great state, "I am anxious to introduce you to my elder daughter. Carol, my love, you may as well be putting on your cloak, I have sent for the carriage."

"My cloak is down-stairs," said the young lady, in a voice not of yearning nor breaking. "I see no occasion for this desperate hurry."

But the dowager was already under full sail towards her offspring, Carruthers following in her wake with a set of the shoulders that betokened his feelings.

"My daughter, Lady Louisa," said the great dame affably. "You have heard me speak, love, of Mr. Carruthers?" The half-bake bowed and simpered.

"I can give you five minutes for a chat," continued mamma, with engaging banter, "while I say good-bye to our hostess. Then we will ask Mr. Carruthers to see us into our carriage."

Her train swept Arthur's boots as she passed, and he gazed after it absently.

"How unpleasant these fogs are!" said the poor daughter timidly.

"Er—yes," said our friend. "I was saying so a short while ago."

There was silence. Carruthers turned his head, and desisted Carol sitting, with a martyred look, where he had left her.

"Have you been to the Burne-Jones?" asked Lady Louisa.

"Er—no," said Carruthers. "I have also heard that Lady Sloane has not been."

Again silence, while the girl's pale cheek grew a dull red. From her settee, with Major Blythe, Laura was watching them.

"Excuse me one moment," said Car-

ruthers. "I have forgotten a message that was given me for your cousin, Miss Lee." And he went back and sat by her.

Laura turned to her companion, with her great eyes aflame. "Did you see that?" she asked. He nodded. "Go and part them," she said. He strode across the room to his *fiancée*.

"What about Thursday, Carol?" he asked. As he stood erect before her, he looked a powerful man. Miss Lee bridled on her slim neck uneasily.

"I think we settled that, James," she said, in tones harsh from the effort to appear unconcerned. "Mr. Carruthers is kind enough to escort me to the skating."

"I accept my dismissal," said Major Blythe with a bow.

The dowager, sweeping up with a very red face, touched her niece's shoulder with no gentle hand.

"Be good enough to come this moment," she snapped out. Carruthers rose slowly to his feet, his eyebrows raised to their utmost compass.

"Pray don't hurry away, Miss Lee," he drawled calmly. "I shall appear to claim my privilege on Thursday. Are you likely to be at home on Sunday—to-morrow?"

Carol glanced a little nervously at the dowager, who was glaring at her from Louisa's side. "I hardly know," she said quickly; "I hope so; good-bye!" and she hurried away. But the long neck turned for a last glance at the doorway.

IV.

"Well, my love," asked Sir Joshua, ten days afterwards, "have all our guests of the dinner party returned thanks?"

"Not all," said his wife. "Nor shall I receive them all, if they do. I decline to be at home either to the dowager or to Arthur Carruthers."

"Tut-tut, Betty," said her husband. "Where's the sense in that? You'll only give that odious woman a real cause for quarrelling. Give her some tea if she comes, and——"

The door opened. Steyne brought in Arthur Carruthers.

That gentleman's reception at the hands of his little hostess was chilling.

"Did you enjoy your morning at Niagara, Mr. Carruthers?" asked Sir Joshua, after a pause.

"Er—which of them?" said the youth, hastily. "Oh, of course—yes—last Thursday. Yes, I did, thanks. I enjoyed it very much indeed."

"Then you have been several times since we saw you?" asked Lady Sloane.

"Well," he said, avoiding her china-blue gaze, "yes; I have been fairly often—that is to say, about six or seven times."

"Is Miss Lee a good skater?" inquired the professor.

"I really don't know," said Carruthers, blushing. "I should say," he corrected himself, "that she has improved very much of late—very much."

"With practice under your tuition?" suggested her ladyship.

"Quite so," said Carruthers, "yes. The fact is, Miss Lee's attendance at the rink has had to be private. The dowager, her aunt, does not approve of athletics for girls. But Miss Lee's medical adviser insists on her having the exercise, and, of course, we—that is, she—could not think of disregarding his cautions; so it just needed a little arranging. That is all."

"But surely," said Lady Sloane, "the dowager would withdraw her objection at once if she knew it was a question of her niece's health?"

"Hardly," said the young gentleman. "At least, we—Miss Lee, I mean—feels it is best not to bring up the question."

"Does Major Blythe," asked her ladyship, "take his share in these precautions for Miss Lee's health?"

"I would prefer," said Carruthers magnificently, "that there should be no allusion to Major Blythe. His behavior to Carol—to Miss Lee—is best allowed to pass without comment. Ladies are apt to repeat things."

"Quite so," said Lady Sloane. "It is never safe for us to originate. Also, as you know, my husband and I are

friends of Major Blythe; so it would certainly be well for us not to comment on Miss Lee's behavior to him."

"I think perhaps I ought to be going," said Carruthers, rising. "I have an engagement at six."

"I suppose," said Sir Joshua, as he followed his guest to the door, "I suppose, now that you are such a rich man, we shall hear before long of your intention to settle?"

Carruthers' reply, as he vanished, was inaudible; but a faint blush seemed to linger round the spot where he last had stood.

The pair were in full enjoyment of a connubial chuckle, when Blythe made his appearance.

"How do, Sir Joshua?" said that officer, as the devoted husband came forward to cover his lady's confusion. "How do, Lady Sloane? Not been cryin', I hope? Oh, laughin'? I see. Thought your man would hardly have let me loose on a domestic tragedy. Wanted to pay my respects, you know, and thank you for the delightful evenin', and all that kind of thing."

"Very kind of you, major," said Sloane. "I hope you were not very bored. We always feel we are hardly smart enough for you military men."

"Oh, don't mention it," said the major. "Don't consider myself one of the upper ten *yet*, you know. Besides, you're both such dead nuts on brains and all that, you make a man feel a regular duffer. Hope you weren't very tired, Lady Sloane?"

"Not in the least, major," answered that lady. "As long as I think a thing's going well, I never mind the exertion."

"Good!—that's the way to set about it," said her visitor. "Yes," he continued, meditatively, "I enjoyed myself rarely that Saturday. Don't know when I've spent a pleasanter evenin'. I took a great fancy to that nice old lady of yours—the one with the grey hair; talked a lot, you know, and very amusin'."

"Oh, yes," said the professor, "to be sure—Mrs. Samuels."

"Quite so," said the major. "Thought

I might as well just go and pay my respects to her, you know, last Tuesday, and I found Miss Lamb havin' tea. Odd, now, wasn't it?"

"Very," said Lady Sloane, with emphasis. "And I suppose, as Tuesday is always a busy day with you, you had to hurry off almost directly?"

"Oh, no," said the major. "No, I didn't hurry at all, as it happened. Doesn't do to let 'em think they have you always at their beck and call, you know. They'd take advantage of a steady fellow like me. So I just stayed a bit. Besides, she's a very interestin' woman, that Mrs. Samuels. Seems to like talkin' to a man; she told me she didn't get much of her husband's society, he bein' very busy with his chief. So she asked me to drop in there again."

"And how was Laura looking?" inquired Lady Sloane.

"First-rate," was the ardent reply. "Don't know when I've seen a girl lookin' better. And she isn't a bit stuck up, and all that, over bein' at college. Seems to think it helps her to follow a man easier, you know. Shouldn't wonder if there's a good deal in that notion. I've mostly gone against that kind of thing; but I always consider a man should be open-minded, and hear what a woman has to say. And Miss Lamb seems comin' round to my view, just as I'm goin' over to hers. So that's very interestin'; isn't it? Gives us plenty to talk about."

"To be sure!" said Sir Joshua. "But we have never asked, all this time, after your *fiancée*, Miss Lee."

"Off, professor," said the officer briefly.

"Do you mean she has broken off the engagement?" asked his hostess quickly.

"Just so," said Blythe.

The wedded pair were vehement in their indignation and scorn.

"I don't wish anythin' said of that kind, Lady Sloane," said the major; and a pair of very honest eyes met her blue ones. "I shall be grateful to you and Sir Joshua to hush it up as far as

you can. Maybe Carol would have a good deal to say for herself, if you asked her; and I don't pretend to be all that a girl of her style, don't you know, might expect. Anyhow, it doesn't comfort me to hear her blamed, so I prefer to swallow my pride and have done with it."

"Well!" said Lady Sloane, in a voice that spoke volumes.

"Quite so," replied the major, cheerful as ever. "Very nice to be sympathized with and stroked down, as you may say. All the same, as I told my friend Tom the other day, 'You're a downright stoopid for bein' in the blues. There's as good women in the sea as ever came out of it.' So here I am, consolin' myself with my own patent philosophy."

"And the next step," suggested the professor, "will be to go and fish for your mermaid."

"That's about it," said Major Blythe. And he went.

H. MEYER HENNE.

From *The Contemporary Review*.
THE JEWISH COLONIES IN PALESTINE.

The colonization of Palestine by Jews only commenced about sixteen years ago. Up to that time there was hardly a Jewish agriculturist in the whole of Palestine and Syria. It seems extraordinary that a country once so fertile should have been allowed to lie fallow during so many centuries. The Israelites of old were splendid agriculturists, and made the most of the capabilities of the soil, and the ruins to be found there and the relics of irrigation works show how vast was the extent of cultivation in ancient times. But desolation came upon the land. The wars carried on by successive Powers struggling for mastery spoilt all cultivation; the trees were cut down for use in battle and for fortifications, and the wells and aqueducts were choked up. The land has remained in this condition until quite recent times, and even now only a very small area has been brought

under cultivation. Hardly any attempt was made by its various conquerors to colonize it. Through all the long years that have elapsed since Israel was divorced from the soil, the land has been waiting, as it were, for the only people who are able to quicken it into life. Since the time of the Dispersion, the eyes and hearts of all Jews have been turned towards Zion. There has always been a small remnant of Jews in Palestine, but these have been mostly old people who had gone there to die, and who were supported by contributions from pious Jews all over the world. The height of ambition with the devout Israelite was that in the fulness of years, when he had completed his share of the world's work in alien lands, he would be able to go to Jerusalem, and spend the evening of his days amid the scenes that were so full of interest to him. No influences were powerful enough to crush out the love of Zion from the heart of the Jew. There is hardly a prayer in the Jewish Liturgy that does not breathe forth the hope of a return to Zion. Exile and persecution have been powerless to stamp out the hopes of a national future for Israel, and each year the prayer is fervently uttered that the next may be spent in Jerusalem. Until quite recently hardly anybody believed that it would be possible to go to Palestine and make a living there by agricultural work. All sorts of ingrained fallacies were held in regard to that country. The land was said to be mainly composed of stones and incapable of being reclaimed. The climate was said to be quite unsuitable, and any attempt at colonization would only bring calamity upon the pioneers. All these erroneous opinions have now happily been dispelled, thanks to the indomitable perseverance of the first colonists, and their determination to stick to the land at all costs. The researches made in the country by the Palestine Exploration Fund, and the expert opinion as to the capabilities of the soil furnished by Sir Charles Warren, Sir Charles Wilson, Major Conder and others, have cleared up the question as to whether it was worth while to waste

any labor upon the task of reclaiming the lands of Palestine and Syria. It was only in 1882, however, that the first efforts were made to establish Jewish colonies there. The terrible persecutions that our people endured about that time in Russia and Roumania made their position unbearable. Tens of thousands emigrated to other parts of Europe and to America; but they were not the most welcome of guests. They were an alien people with peculiar garb and characteristics, and great hardships were endured by most of them before they found in what way they could obtain their livelihood. Another outlet was required for them, and Palestine seemed the only country that offered a chance of rest and security.

Colonization societies were formed in Russia and Roumania, and agents were sent out to purchase suitable tracts of land. These agents did their best, but they had little knowledge as to the values of land and the suitability of sites, and they did not know how much money was necessary to equip a colony. In some instances the land they bought was the very worst for the purposes of colonization, and the prices they paid were out of all proportion to its value. But nothing could deter the poor people in their eagerness to flee from their oppressors and their anxiety to find some resting-place, no matter under what conditions. They wanted to get to Palestine to have a chance of living free from the ever-present terrors that encompassed them, and they knew that, whatever their lot might be, it could not be much worse than that to which they had so long been condemned. And then ensued years of the greatest hardship and privation. In the absence of agricultural implements they tore up the ground with their fingers. They were in an unknown country with no knowledge of what work they ought to do, or means or strength with which to do it. But nothing daunted them; starving and almost naked, they stuck to the land for several years, until at last their patient sufferings became known principally through the efforts of the late Laurence Oliphant, and relief came to them. The

indomitable perseverance of these devoted men and women and their determination to overcome the difficulties that beset them are among the brightest examples of Jewish character. These were the pioneers in the work of colonizing Palestine, and it is to them we owe the great advance that has been made in this movement. They have demonstrated the capacity of the Jew to succeed as an agriculturist in the face of the most trying circumstances, and they have proved that the land, in spite of being stony in parts, and of having lain fallow through so many centuries, is capable of being once more transformed into a fruitful country. By the assistance rendered to the colonists by Baron Edmond de Rothschild, of Paris, and with the aid afforded to them by colonization societies, the colonists were able to emerge from the condition of misery in which their inexperience and want of means had plunged them, and they have plainly shown how capable the Jew is of doing the most arduous tasks if he is only given the opportunity. Since the year 1882 twenty-five agricultural colonies have been established in Palestine and Syria, and societies for the furtherance of colonization have sprung up all over the world. The English society, called the Chovevi Zion (Lovers of Zion) Association, was established in 1890. It was started among the poorest of Jews in the East End of London. They were looked upon at first as dreamers, desirous of founding a modern Utopia; but they got many adherents, and gradually established branches all over the country. In order to concentrate the work and prevent undue competition for land, a union of colonization societies was formed in 1894, and this union, which embraces the societies of Odessa, Berlin, Paris, London, Zurich, Copenhagen and New York, has its headquarters in Paris, and delegates representing the various societies meet there to carry on the work. In connection with this union there is an Executive Committee which has its headquarters at Jaffa, and which is composed of six capable agriculturists, who select and install the colonists,

equip them with all the necessities of farm life and supervise the work in all its branches. Since 1895 two colonies have been successfully undertaken by this committee, and a third is about to be entered upon. Almost all the colonies are devoted to viticulture, but in the most recent colony (Castinié) great success has been obtained with wheat-growing.

I will now give a short account of the various colonies and their histories. The leading colony, although not the largest, is Rishon le Zion. It is five miles south of Jaffa, covers two thousand acres, and has about five hundred inhabitants. It is devoted mainly to vine cultivation, and there have been planted a million and a half of vines here. This colony is the centre of the wine industry, and enormous cellarage has been made here out of the solid rock. Almost all the wine from the other colonies has to be brought here for storage. The colony was taken over in 1884 by Baron Edmond de Rothschild after the people had endured great distress, since which time the area of land has been greatly increased and the number of colonists doubled. Silk is also produced from twenty thousand mulberry trees, and the colony has abundance of fruit and almond trees. A school with five teachers is to be found here, a splendid library, synagogue, baths, a good hospital, and every colonist has a two-storied stone house. The colony has three large wells with excellent water, and the streets are well paved. All casks used in the cellars are made in the colony, and all the workpeople, such as carpenters, bricklayers, etc., are Jews.

The colony of Waad-el-Chanin is five miles south of Rishon le Zion. It has one hundred and fifty thousand vines, and is four hundred acres in extent. It was founded in 1883, but is only just emerging from the condition of misery in which the lack of means kept the pioneer colonists. It has received a large grant of money from the Jewish Colonization Association (Hirsch Fund).

The colony of Rechovoth was founded in 1890 by a colonization society of Warsaw. Its extent is about twenty-five

hundred acres, and it has about two hundred and fifty inhabitants. The colonists are most industrious, and have good houses, an excellent school, a synagogue and good baths. The young generation here speak pure Hebrew, and all subjects are taught in the Hebrew tongue.

Close to this colony is a small one called the "Ezra," founded recently by the Berlin and London societies, and it has been peopled with laborers who have shown their aptitude on the other colonies.

The colony of Ekron was founded in 1884. The area is about one thousand acres and there are two hundred and fifty inhabitants. The colony was founded by Baron Edmond de Rothschild in memory of his mother. The people are engaged in vine and silk culture. They have good houses and all the communal institutions.

The colony of Katra, established in 1884 by Russian students, is nine hundred acres in extent, and there are one hundred inhabitants on this colony. A fourth part of the land is given over to wheat culture, and on the balance there are two hundred thousand vines.

On the slopes of the Judean mountains lies the colony of Artief. This was originally a missionary station, and was established to instruct converted Jews in agriculture. It cost enormous sums of money, but it was a failure, as the converts would not work. It is now occupied by Bulgarian Jews, and has been transformed into a Jewish village.

The colony of Castinié originally belonged to Bessarabian Jews, but was taken over by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. The area of the land is about twelve hundred acres, and there are about one hundred souls on this colony. The land was bought from Baron Rothschild about eighteen months ago by the Paris Central Committee. The colonists were taken from among those laborers who had worked for some years upon existing colonies, and the choice has been well made. The colony is a model one. Men, women and children work with a zest that is surprising. The colony is devoted entirely to wheat

culture, and already an excellent harvest has been obtained.

North of Jaffa we have Petach Tikvah, the largest of the colonies in Judea. This colony is the oldest in existence, and was established in 1878 by Jerusalem Jews, but they were not successful. Part of the land now belongs to Baron Rothschild and part to a gentleman of Berlin. The area is thirty-five hundred acres and the population six hundred and fifty souls. There are one million vines in the colony, and in addition the colonists grow oranges, lemons and other fruits. Tea-planting has also been tried here, and it is proposed to make an essay with tobacco cultivation.

The colony of Chedere, four thousand acres in extent, was established in 1890 by Russian Jews, but they did not succeed. They underwent the most terrible privations. Part of the land was nothing but bog, and the miasma rising therefrom produced malarial fevers, and whole families were wiped out. But the people stuck to the land. When, in 1896, Baron Edmond de Rothschild decided to drain the bog, of which there was seven hundred acres, the colonists insisted on taking part in this work, and they toiled for six months, up to their knees in the mire, for eight hours each day. There are now three hundred and fifty acres of drained bog on each side of the village, and fifty thousand eucalyptus-trees have been planted by Jewish agriculturists.

The colony of Zichron Jakob is the largest of all the colonies in the Holy Land. The extent of the colony is about five thousand acres, and it has a population of about two thousand souls. The colony was founded in 1882 by Roumanian Jews, but they suffered great distress until Baron Edmond de Rothschild came to their aid. They have now got good houses and are doing very well indeed. The colony has a beautiful park and everything that goes to make an up-to-date village. In this neighborhood are three small colonies, Shefaya, Em el Gamal and Em el Tut.

Close to Zichron Jakob, on the sea coast, is the colony of Tantura. There

was a glass factory here some few years ago, but there was not sufficient demand for the manufactures. The factory is closed for the present, and the thirty families who used to find work in the factory are now engaged in wheat and vegetable cultivation.

The most beautifully situated colony is that of Rosh Pinah, north of Lake Tiberias. It was founded in 1882, but had to be taken over by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. It is about fifteen hundred acres in extent, and has six hundred inhabitants. There are sixty houses in the colony, each with a flower garden in the front and a vegetable garden in the rear, and provided with stables for the horses and cattle. Three perennial springs supply the colonists with abundance of water. There are five hundred thousand vines in the colony, and a grove of eighty thousand mulberry trees gives employment in silk-weaving. There is a silk factory here worked by steam, which employs about fifty young Jews from Safed. All the communal institutions are to be found here, and there are seven teachers in the school.

The colony of Yessod Hamalah, close by the Lake of Merom, was founded in 1883 by Polish immigrants, who succeeded in maintaining themselves in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties. They were helped by various colonization societies and by Baron Edmond de Rothschild, and they are now doing very well. They are engaged in floriculture for the purpose of making essential oils, scents, etc. They have also an enormous nursery garden, from which young trees are supplied to all the other colonies, in addition to which they carry on silk-weaving and bee-farming. There are nearly two hundred inhabitants on this colony.

The colony of Ain Zeitun has thirty thousand vines and a great many fruit-trees, but the colony is not yet fully developed.

The colony of Mishmar Hayarden (the Watch on the Jordan) was founded in 1884, and has not up to now been a success. The site was badly selected, and there was the greatest difficulty in

getting water. The people had not sufficient means to properly cultivate the land. The Russian and German societies have helped this colony, but with enough only for pressing needs. In this predicament the colonists, although they had laid out extensive vineyards and built good stone houses, were forced to go out to work as day laborers on the neighboring colonies. They have, however, now been taken over by the Jewish Colonization Association (the Hirsch Fund) and their future is secured.

The colony of Machanayin belongs to a Gallician society, and is about to be taken in hand by the Paris Central Committee.

There are small colonies also at Meron and Pekyn, near Safed.

The colony of Metullah is one recently founded by Baron Edmond de Rothschild. The colony is twelve hundred acres in extent, and will be tenanted by fifty laborers from the vine colonies. It is to be worked on a new plan. The colonists elect their own administrator, and practically govern themselves. The repayments commence after the first year, and the whole amount is payable within ten years. An essay has been made here to grow tobacco, and it will be known by October of this year whether the attempt will be successful.

The colony of Bnei Yehoudah was founded in 1886 by Jews of Safed, but they never had enough money to complete the purchase. These Jews were induced to become colonists by the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant. The extent of the land is about eight hundred acres, and it belongs to about twenty families. The English society has taken over this colony, and has just recently sent out an administrator to pay off all the charges and get the land put into cultivation.

In addition to the colonies before mentioned there are others in contemplation at Schem-Djolan, at Bustras and at Betima, the land at these places having already been bought, and the work is going forward with great speed. In addition to the above-mentioned colonies, there is a large institution at Jaffa called Mikveh Israel (the Hope

of Israel), in which over one hundred young men are being trained in all branches of agriculture, and they are going forth as colonists, master gardeners and instructors to the various colonies. This institution, founded in 1870, was not established, like all the old colonies, to shield the victims of oppression, but was the outcome of a noble desire to train up young Jews to the service of the soil, and to give them other aims in life than the miserable occupations too many of them were forced to follow. It has been a great success and is self-supporting. The whole area of the institution is about six hundred acres.

The whole face of the country is being changed by the efforts of the colonists. Where nothing but briars and brambles previously existed we now see beautiful vineyards and fields of growing corn. The country generally is noted for its bad roads, but in the neighborhood of the Jewish colonies excellent roads have been made and the greatest order prevails. A new race of beings, too, has grown up there, very different, indeed, from the poor, panic-stricken creatures who first set foot in this, to them, unknown land. The colonists are fine, sturdy men, capable of carrying out the hard work of reclaiming the barren land; and they are the most intrepid horsemen. They are highly valued by the Turkish authorities, and live on the best terms with the Arabs and all their neighbors. There is plenty of room in Palestine and Syria. The land cries aloud for inhabitants to build up its ruins and to fence round its ancient vineyards. With the demand created by agricultural settlements, industries are springing up and will give work to Jewish artisans. The policy that is being pursued by the Zionist societies and by Baron Edmond de Rothschild is to make Jews who settle in Palestine first serve several years as laborers, so that they can become used to the work and accustomed to the climate, and then establish them as colonists. As laborers are settled on the land, room is made for fresh workers in the colonies, and thus the work of building up Zion goes

on in a practical and thoroughly business-like manner. The colonies that have been established are the milestones marking the advance that Israel has made in these later years towards national rehabilitation. The material is at hand, and there are skilful agriculturists there to undertake the work of directing and supervising, and thus, hand in hand with our brethren settled in other countries, we are steadily rearing that edifice which will only be complete when Israel has regained her national existence.

JOSEPH PRAG.

From the *Deutsche Revue*.
INTERNATIONAL SPYING.

The Dreyfus case seemed closed after Count Esterhazy had been acquitted and official France had passed over M. Scheurer-Kestner and his documents to the order of the day. Whether the matter is thus finally settled has of course been doubtful to many. Meanwhile Emile Zola has appeared in the arena to battle for justice and truth.

To Germany the matter has no practical interest, merely a pathological one. That the French press would avail itself of the opportunity to stir up animosity against us was to be expected. But why the French government has shown so much unfairness, not to say actual double-dealing, toward the German empire, is less intelligible.

Granting that Dreyfus had made traitorous communications to a Russian agent, even from the official publication of the fact the inference could scarcely be drawn that the Franco-Russian friendship must necessarily sustain a rupture. If the French government should form this conclusion, it would merely be announcing to its political friend a consideration that the latter—since, after the lapse of eighty-five years, it has no scruple in celebrating in its churches the anniversary of the day when Russia was freed from the invasion of the Gauls—does not deem requisite. It is as useless to argue about

degrees of mutual courtesy as to dispute concerning questions of taste. But when an outsider receives a thrust in the ribs, the question whether the latter, for the sake of international courtesy, ought patiently to submit to it, may fairly be put.

That both civilized and uncivilized governments have an interest in learning the political and military secrets of their nearer or more distant neighbors is no new thing.

At present, rendered easier by the improved means of intercourse, and the increased commercial as well as personal relations between the subjects of the various governments, reciprocal spying into political and military affairs is merely conducted more systematically than in former days. It is conducted from central offices, which, according to necessity or opportunity, extend their branches to certain places whence the material gathered by agents reaches the headquarters. In doing this, it is the rule that the central offices—whether called inquiry bureaus, news bureaus or any other name—avoid direct connections with agents.

The latter are men whose honor is more or less doubtful; they form, as it were, a guild which is recruited from all classes of society. Usually they are well-bred people, familiar with several languages, possessed of a superficial education, and burdened with moral defects, who have suffered shipwreck in their own class, but retain sufficient external polish and grace of manner to be able easily to deceive those who are ignorant of their former lives. Among them are adventurers and political refugees whose dark past is difficult to brighten, who, as widely-travelled men, have sharpened their wits to such a degree that they can track and discover what an army of the best detectives could not find out. But there are also persons of lower birth, morally corrupt, avaricious, traitorous subjects of their governments, who offer themselves as agents for this or that object and obtain news which their far more subtle, crafty and cunning colleagues could not gather.

It is evident that, if a political or military official should deal directly with the agents as an organ of the government, he would also be compelled to investigate the ways and means which they employ to obtain news. This no magistrate can permit himself to do. As no respectable man will condescend to engage actively in spying, or direct another in what manner, by burglary, theft or breach of faith, he shall practise it, it cannot be expected from any official that he will enter into business relations with persons ready to perform such deeds.

But these moral reasons are not the sole objection. Government interests also forbid it. For instance, if an Italian agent was seized in France as a spy, convicted, and sentenced for treason, and, by papers found on the condemned man, it was proved that he had acted in the service and by the orders of the Italian government, the latter would be greatly embarrassed, and it is clear that, under certain circumstances, such a case might lead to undesirable complications. Skillful agents generally guard their persons with the utmost care and entrust the principal portion of the work which can only be accomplished by criminal acts to accomplices who, being well paid, must risk their lives. The difficult part of the matter lies in the fact that the relations of the agents and their accomplices are much too close to enable them to separate abruptly their mutual activity.

The question will be asked: If the officials hold no intercourse with the agents, how do they obtain the news which the latter procure? The way is very simple—communication is through the organs of the political police.¹

These men receive general or special commissions in regard to the matters or questions concerning which the authorities desire to gain information, and are provided with the necessary funds. How the money is used, what agents the commissioners of the political police employ, what methods the former adopt, and what persons act as accomplices, are things wholly outside of the con-

trol or supervision of the officials. The commissioners act with absolute independence, and therefore must possess the confidence of the authorities, to whom they bring the news gathered and thereby fulfil their mission.

As the intercourse between the officials and the commissioners is a verbal one, the latter, too, enter into no written explanations with their agents. It is one of the rarest events that when foreign spying is discovered it can be proved to be instigated by a foreign government.

Though, as previously mentioned, the authorities avoid direct relations with agents engaged in spying, there are cases in which they can make an exception without danger. This occurs in the field, and especially in the diplomatic service. There are always a number of adroit and cultivated persons whose names and family connections give them access to the highest circles of society and enable them to win the confidence of its members. Their social talents and easy manners often pave the way for them to learn things which remain concealed from the officially accredited representative of the foreign Power. Such agents frequently employ the weapons of love, and are never wholly free from peril to the fair sex; but they wisely avoid coming into collision with the criminal authorities.

France has sometimes used for this kind of political spying women who, introduced into society as relatives of members of the embassy, have rendered good service at various courts.

Of course every government endeavors to watch the manoeuvres and machinations of foreign countries, and to prevent the betrayal of political and military secrets. For this purpose—also through the medium of the political police—a system of so-called counter-spying is organized, in which often the most skillful agents are used. If, for instance, the French military espionage service were in the hands of agencies established in Belgium and in Switzerland, it would be perfectly natural that the German government should have observations made there and should

¹ Known in America as the Secret Service.

keep its eye upon the well organized system of French spying. And it would be no strange thing if French agents, besides spying against Germany, should, from business reasons, be induced to give the German agents news of France.

As in war, perhaps also in peace, the double spies are the most trustworthy. They possess a sort of guarantee, and feel the more secure in the exercise of their profession because their employers always keep the secret. The fact of the existence of double spying is frequently not established until after years have passed. But its possibility is always taken into account, and therefore, in war, inquisitive spies are readily given, in a confidential manner, the utmost possible amount of false information concerning the state of affairs and the military situation. But this is merely a digression.

Whoever looks at the matter from the outside will perceive that, while the whole system of espionage and the use of spies, in war as well as in peace, is undoubtedly forced upon governments by the law of self-preservation, the results of the work must be unreliable, and it must require experience and penetration to distinguish the true from the false and be secure from fraud and deception. A layman in this profession, discovering what numbers of falsehoods, pure inventions and arbitrary combinations are sold by the agents, either to increase their importance or to add to their receipts, and with what skill the organs of the espionage system are regularly swindled, would have good reason to ask: Is it worth while, if this is the condition of affairs, to spend money in such ways? Yet this question must be answered in the affirmative. A single item of reliable news brought at the right time, either in relation to political or military affairs, outweighs doubly and trebly the money expended for the purpose.

As, in the process of spying and counter-spying, the means used by the agents and their accomplices to discover state secrets and punish traitors to the country are not usually the purest, it is certainly not strange that, as soon as the

details of such acts are made public, the press, as guardian of public morality, raises a protest against them, and, indifferent to reasons of policy, eagerly avails itself of the opportunity to make such incidents unduly conspicuous and to embarrass the government. On this account every government desires to keep from the public all the details of its own system of espionage and the mode of watching foreign spies. Hence every government, if deceived by false reports from agents, or indirectly swindled, prefers to drop the guilty parties quietly from its service rather than to have them brought before the courts and condemned by law. In the latter case the injury inflicted upon the whole system of espionage will be far greater than the benefit to the community gained by the punishment of a single swindler—to say nothing of the serious detriment to government interests in general, as soon as the shady side of a necessary but unpleasant practice is made still darker in the bright light of publicity.

Although military trials in France have for years been public, while at the same time provision has been made for cases which might have to be conducted in private—among which the above-mentioned trials unquestionably belong—it seems very singular that, in Germany, conservative papers which consider an even more restricted publicity in their own land as harmful, or at any rate superfluous, should demand the absolute publicity of military trials in a neighboring country.

Yet this demand is not made to clear the German embassy and government from suspicion—that can be done in other ways—but from the feeling so easily understood, a desire to learn how the suspicion against Dreyfus originated, who furnished the material, of what it consists, etc. If all this should be publicly investigated and dilated upon, the French military officials would be compelled to make known a considerable part of the organization of their counter-espionage system, and perhaps its entire method of spying. As both are constituted essentially as described, the

agents, with their assistants, would be brought into the light and placed under the microscope. If imprudences or blunders—perhaps in direct intercourse with doubtful agents—have been committed, or if it appears, as it may, that frauds and swindling are involved, the number of embarrassments for the authorities will increase with each public examination of witnesses. If the agitation should succeed in forcing the French government from the ground which, hitherto, it has maintained, and compelling it to reopen the Dreyfus case, its position would become untenable. If the accused, which is possible in every trial, should be acquitted, the matter might not end with the fall of the ministry alone. In that case further revolutions in the administration of the government may be expected from our change-seeking neighbors. Whether these would be advantageous to us, or the contrary, may remain doubtful.

AN EX-STATESMAN.

Translated for The Living Age by Mary J Safford.

From The Spectator.

A PLEA FOR THE SHARK.

Many people will doubtless be surprised to hear that there is anything to be said in favor of the shark. The *Squalidæ* have so long been subject to cruelty only possible to ignorant prejudice that the very name of shark is a synonym for anything rapacious, unscrupulous and wholly detestable. A few half-hearted attempts have been made at intervals of centuries to stem the flood of hatred, but they have been overwhelmed by the torrent of falsehood in the shape of anecdotes which has been steadily flowing for so many generations. It is hardly too much to say that no creature known to man has continued so long under the stigma of ancient fabrications as the shark. Anecdotes which if told of any other animal would have been laughed into oblivion centuries ago are still current about him. One is amazed to find in

ancient records tales which, originally invented about natural things under the influence of superstitious terror, are manifestly the source of modern shark yarns.

The perpetuation of these fables in the case of the shark is perhaps in some slight degree excusable. Men who have had the most ample opportunities for observation have culpably neglected them, and it is absurd to expect professors of natural history to be seamen and fishermen. Their duties are engrossing enough as it is, without expecting them to become personally acquainted with the creatures they classify each in his own proper habitat. But seamen generally might render splendid aid to science by noting with careful watchfulness the characteristic habits of marine creatures with which they come in contact. They might also refuse to tell stories which they could easily prove to be untrue, merely because they have heard them from their boyhood.

One of the most firmly held beliefs concerning sharks is that they prefer the flesh of man to any other food. Now the fact is that the shark family, with few exceptions, are naturally eaters of offal—scavengers of the sea. They are the only large fish that perform this most useful function. As a rule, the duty of devouring the innumerable dead things which would otherwise pollute the sea devolves upon the crustacea. But the omnivorous *Squalidæ*, with their enormous stomachs, abnormal powers of digestion and apparently insatiable appetites, patrol the waters for carrion that floats, thereby lightening the labors of the tolling workers at the bottom.

In consequence of this prowling habit they are often near the surface where men may be unfortunate enough to fall in their way. Then, if the human animal be unskilful and timid, he will most probably be devoured by sharks, not because he is a man, but because he represents easily obtainable food. For the shark, though a swift enough swimmer, is handicapped by the peculiar position of his mouth. Under ordinary con-

ditions there are no fish so slow of movement that they cannot escape while the unwieldy *Squalus* is bringing his body into position to bite. Even man, when well accustomed to the water, and to the limitations of sharks, can always successfully elude them. As to their preference for blacks, it is a pure myth without the faintest foundation in fact. In many places visited by the writer, where sharks were the commonest of fish, black men were constantly swimming and diving without paying apparently any heed to the hungry monsters in their immediate vicinity. Yet never one of them was injured. During the "cutting in" of a whale at Hapai the water near the carcass was literally boiling with the largest sharks existing anywhere. It seemed probable that before the blubber was all stripped, the ravening monsters, many of them fully as long as one of our whaleboats, would have eaten a costly proportion of it, so energetic were they. At the same time, the natives hovering round in their canoes were constantly in and out of the water, actually among the sharks, heeding them no more than as if they had been so many sprats.

On several occasions it has also been the writer's doubtful privilege to spend hours in the water clinging to fragments of broken boats in the immediate vicinity of a dead whale. And although one's legs always felt insecure, every touch seeming to promise their instant loss, casualties of that kind never happened. Nor among the countless stories of the whale-fishery current among South Sea men has the writer ever heard of a man being seized by sharks when in the water near a dead whale. As to the prowess of these monsters, and the numbers of them that congregate wherever food is to be had, it may be interesting to record the following fact. We had killed a large bull humpback (*megaptera*) in shoal water near Tongatabu, which sank at death. Unable to raise it for want of gear, that night one boat remained on the spot while the others returned on board. In less than one hour from the sinking of the carcass

there were, at the lowest computation, five hundred large sharks around the place. Many of them were so huge that we could hardly persuade ourselves that they were sharks at all, but that we knew no other fish of such a size existed. One especially, that gave the boat a resounding blow with his tail as he turned beneath us, was larger in girth than she was, and as nearly as possible of the same length. Now our boat was three feet six inches beam amidships, and twenty-eight feet long. Nevertheless, I am perfectly sure that this shark, vast as it was, could not possibly have swallowed a man, the shape and size of his mouth absolutely forbidding such an idea. He could have eaten several men, no doubt, but swallow them whole, never. But to return. When at break of day we succeeded in raising the carcass again to the surface, amidst the foaming tumult caused by the still ravening multitude, more than half of it was gone. At least forty tons of solid flesh and blubber had been devoured in a few hours.

Another story which has been repeated in nearly every natural history or article on sharks is of an alleged practice of slaving captains. They are said to have suspended the body of a negro from bowsprit or yardarm in order to enjoy the sight of the sharks leaping up at it, which they are said to have done to the height of twenty feet. But a shark does not leap out of water at all. Neither if it did could it bite while so doing, for the simple reason that to do so it must be over its prey if right side up, or under it if on its back. A glance at a shark will instantly disprove this oft-repeated falsehood. As an instance of this disability I may mention a singular occurrence during the "cutting in" by us of a cachalot off the north coast of New Zealand. The lower jaw and throat piece had been lifted, turning the whale on his back, and leaving a great oval hollow of considerable depth in the carcass. There was a nasty sea running which occasionally broke over the whale's body fore and aft, filling the aforesaid hollow with a greasy, gory mixture. Alongside, the usual con-

course of frantic sharks fought madly for a morsel of blubber, regardless of the occasional disappearance of one of their number with a split brainpan.

Now, it is necessary at this stage of "cutting in" for a man to descend upon the carcass for the purpose of passing a chain strap through what is called the "rising piece" or first cut of blubber. One of our harpooners, therefore, jumped into the foul pool, foolishly discarding the safety line, which hampered his movements. As he wrestled with the big links of the chain sling, a combing sea lifted two of the sharks, each about seven feet long, into the cavity beside him. Of course he promptly turned his attention to his visitors, laying hold of one by the tail, to which he clung with a death-grip. For a while the three were indistinguishable in the infernal broil. Man and sharks writhed in one inextricable tangle amidst the foaming slime. It was impossible to strike down at any moment, for fear of killing our shipmate, and it really looked as if we should see him beaten to death beneath our eyes. But, suddenly exerting all his remaining strength in one great effort, the poor fellow flung one of the monsters out from him at right angles. Instantly a spade descended like a flash upon the shark's head, killing him at once. But at the same moment another wave lippered over and swept all three out of the hollow into the teeming sea alongside. With a wild yell two Kanakas sprang after and seized their helpless shipmate in the midst of the startled crowd of sharks. Half a dozen ropes were flung, and in two minutes salvors and saved were on deck. The unfortunate harpooner was black and blue, besides being badly strained, but of toothmarks not a sign.

As Plutarch has remarked, the deep-sea shark is a tender parent. For a considerable time after the young sharks are born (in the viviparous kinds) they are sheltered within the mother's body, finding instant refuge down her throat at the approach of

danger. Numberless instances are on record of female sharks being caught with from ten to twenty healthy, vigorous young ones in some receptacle within her body, they having previously been seen swimming about her and disappearing down her throat. The friendship of the pilot-fish for the shark, too, is a beautiful instance of mutual aid which is entirely true. Therefore, apparently, much doubt is cast upon it, many refusing to believe any good of the *piscis anthropophagus*, as Dr. Badham gravely calls him. *Alopias vulpes*, or the "thrasher," is a shark of aggressive and dangerous character, but certainly not so to man. Its characteristic feature is an immensely long upper lobe to its tail. This it wields with wonderful effect when, in company with a small and fierce species of grampus (*Orca gladiator*), it attacks the peaceful *mysticæ*, or toothless whales. The blows it deals are incredibly severe and rapid, cutting long strips of blubber from the back of the harassed mammal, who, incapable of fight or flight, soon falls an easy prey to the combined forces. The *Pristiophoridae*, or saw-fishes, are perhaps the most terrible in appearance of all the shark tribe. They are really a connecting link between the sharks and rays, partaking largely of the characteristics of the latter. The head is prolonged into a bony shaft varying in length and width according to the size of the individual, but attaining a length of three feet and a width at the base of nine inches. On either side it is furnished with pointed teeth some distance apart, the whole weapon forming a formidable double-edged saw carried horizontally. Neither does this awe-inspiring monster attack man. It feeds upon the soft parts of certain sluggish fish which it disembowels with the saw. Its teeth are few and feeble, and unless hard pressed by hunger, it does not prey on garbage. But want of space forbids the further pursuit at present of this most interesting subject, only the fringe of which it has been possible to touch here.

FRANK T. BULLEN.

From the *Hansei Zasshi*.¹

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

There are few things which have been so grossly misrepresented as things Japanese, and there are few Japanese subjects on which so much that is contradictory or unfounded have been written as the subject of women of our Empire. Chiefly responsible for having misled the world at large on this subject is that ever annoying, presumptuous creature—the so-called globe-trotter. Fortunate or unfortunate is Japan in possessing many a charm alluring enough to attract a host of this self-sufficient, know-all sort of people. Armed with a formidable weapon—we mean the pen—hundreds of them have invaded this our country and presented to the world the spoils of their researches and observations. And it is a pity that some of them write so pleasingly that their productions find a good many admiring readers. Nevertheless, it is safe to say, most of them are of little value; generally, indeed, absolutely false and misleading. For how can a man, however keen and penetrating his observation may be, learn much about real Japan and the Japanese by a few meteoric visits to this city and that port? In order to understand our country and people thoroughly, one must stay here long enough to master the almost inaccessible tongue of ours, and constantly associate with respectable native families.

The writing of the average globe-trotter on the subject of the women of Japan is, for the reasons above stated, quite unworthy of serious reading. Often our women have been represented as little better than the mere plaything of men, utterly lacking the higher qualities essential to being a life-long companion and helpmate of the latter. Still more often they have been described as being given a very

low position in society, little enjoying the freedom and respect which occidental women enjoy. All such statements, however, we are happy to be able to say, are mistaken.

It is quite true that our women are richly endowed with physical attractions. Lovely creatures are they, with "lemon-verbena" fragrance and "amber-colored" bodies; with eyes as serene as autumn stars, mouths as pretty as rose-buds and hands as soft as velvet, they are indeed capable of bewitching the heart of stone. But nature has also gifted them with higher and nobler qualities. Prominent among these qualities is that of gentleness. Our women are neither Xanthippes nor Zenobias. Strong will they lack, but gentleness they possess in perfection. Women are generally creatures of heart; this is especially the case with Japanese women. They are not capable of fighting against the cruelty of fate, but they will submit to it with calm and resolute gentleness. Further, we find in our women a strong maternal instinct, a marked and even touching sweet love for their offspring. Our history teems with examples of mothers who have laid down their lives for their children. And we have, too, our Spartan mothers, our knightly mothers; those who will not let their children shirk the call to duty, let the probable consequences be what they will. Devotion is another prominent characteristic of our women. They are capable of all the heights and depths of pure and devoted love. When a Japanese woman loves, loves with all her heart and mind and strength, she is willing to sacrifice everything, even life itself, for the object of her affections. Examples of such devoted love are numberless, even more numerous than those of maternal love. And another laudable trait of Japanese women's characteristics is their self-denial. Their first thought is always for the comfort of the other. As sisters, wives and mothers, they, in order to secure the welfare of brothers, husbands and children, deem no sac-

¹ The *Hansei Zasshi*, published monthly in English at Tokyo, is a magazine written and edited solely by Japanese, with the object of representing the true state of Japan and the Japanese to the world at large.

rifice on their part too great, no demand made on their time or patience too large.

In the point of intellectuality our women of the present day are perhaps behind their occidental sisters. This is owing chiefly, in our opinion, to the neglect for ages of the female education in this country. It is too hasty to conclude from the present state of intellectual development among our women that they will never attain the high eminence of intellectuality reached by European and American women. We had in early times, before militarism ruled the country and obstructed the progress of the female education, many intellectual women. The Japanese classics, which came into existence about seven centuries ago, were in large part the products of the pens of women. It can not be then said that our women possess a low intellectual power. Education will again awake into activity their intellectual power, which had been sleeping for a long time. It is only twenty years or so since the introduction of western ideas into this country revived the female education, yet there have already appeared many prominent women in the field of literature and science. Yet a few decades later on, and Japanese women will prove whether or not they are capable of a high intellectual development.

As for the position Japanese women now hold in society, we can not see why it is that so many foreign critics regard it as low. Of course they are not holding so high a position, nor are they enjoying so great a freedom and respect, as western women do. But it is a fact that they hold quite a high social position and enjoy a freedom and respect which no other oriental women are enjoying. Even in the old feudal days when the Confucian teachings, which place a woman in a very low position, prevailed in the country, our women were highly respected. It is needless to say that the position of women has remarkably advanced since the downfall of militarism and the advent to this country of western

ideas. But our women are not demonstrative and do not like to be paid that excessive and often strained respect characteristic of western social circles. And they are noted for their domesticity. They rarely take part in social pleasures, and when they make calls it is *de rigueur* rather than of choice. In short, they prefer to shine at home rather than abroad, for the home, with its multiplicity of cares and duties, gives them all the distraction—we will not say, pleasure—they care for. Perhaps it is largely owing to this undemonstrative and retiring nature of our women that their social position seems to be so low to foreign eyes. They are rarely seen in public places and social gatherings, and even when they do appear in them, they avoid as much as possible being noticed and paid attention to. Trained from infancy to be modest in everything, they shrink away from publicity and conspicuousness. Foreigners who are accustomed to see in their native countries women partaking in every social pleasure, and shining conspicuously in almost every public place, are natural to regard with wonder the little appearance in public of our women, and so they jump at a hasty conclusion that in Japan a woman's social position is low and her freedom is uncomfortably restricted. Appearance is often delusory, and in this instance our foreign friends have been misguided by appearance. In reality, our women hold quite an exalted position in society and enjoy an enviable freedom. As daughters and sisters they are tenderly loved by parents and brothers, and as wives and mothers they are devotedly cared for and respected by husband and children. They will think twice before they would change place with the sisters of the West.

From Household Words.
A MEDIEVAL ARMADA.

The story of the Spanish Armada is, of course, familiar to all our readers, and recently in these pages was given

an account of what might be called the "forlorn hope" of that great French Armada which was intended to descend upon our shores just a hundred years ago. But it is not, perhaps, generally known that just two hundred years before the Spanish Armada set sail, there was prepared a great expedition for the invasion of England, which, in comparison with the resources of the age, was as great, so far as preparations went, as the Spanish Armada itself, and was even greater, in the same respect, than the more modern French enterprise. The story is embalmed in the picturesque pages of Sir John Froissart, but every one has not convenient access to an unabridged translation of that old worthy's chronicles; and, for some reason or another, the chapters dealing with this episode in English history are among those sacrificed to the inexorable demands of space in a recently published—at a "popular" price—abridgement of Lord Berner's edition. Hence it seems not unprofitable once more to retell the old story.¹

It was in the days of King Richard the Second, and misgovernment had brought the reputation of England to a very low ebb indeed. The French had more than once ravaged our coasts; they had even sailed up the Thames, and burned Gravesend. The Channel swarmed with pirates, whom the government were unable to keep under.

At that particular time now under review, John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, had left England with a great company on his attempt to win the throne of Castile—a curious story which cannot be entered into here. The country was supposed to be denuded of fighting men, and naturally the French king thought it a favorable opportunity to give England, at the hands of the French, a taste of what France had often suffered at the hands of the English. "In this," Froissart tells us, "he was joined by all the chivalry of the realm. . . . These lords

said: 'Why should not we, for once, make a visit to England to see the country, and its inhabitants, and learn the way thither, as the English have done in France? This year, therefore, 1386, we will go thither, as well to break up the expedition of the Duke of Lancaster and force him to return home, as to give alarm to the English, and see how they will behave.' " The taxes imposed were unprecedented, nor were ever greater preparations made by sea and land. Many of the rich men were forced to part with a third of their property to defray the costs of ship-building, and the poorer sort were mulct in as much as they were worth to pay the men-at-arms. There was not a vessel of any size from Seville to Prussia, that the French could lay hands on, but was impressed for the service. "Lords and knights, at great distances were written to, to request they would accompany the king of France in this expedition;" and recruits flocked from all quarters. "Never!" exclaims Froissart; "never, since God created the world, were there seen such numbers of large ships as filled the harbors of Sluys and Blackenburgh; for, when they were counted in the month of September this year, they were twelve hundred and eighty-seven ships. Their masts, on coming from sea, appeared like a thick forest."

Altogether there were sixty thousand men ready to set sail—the majority of them for the mere love of fighting and in hopes of sharing the plunder; for on the continent then, as now, the English were supposed to be the richest people in Europe. The whole talk was the utter ruin of England—the men to be slain, the women and children to be carried in slavery to France.

"Whoever had been at Damme, Bruges, or Sluys, at this time, and had seen how busily all were employed in loading the vessels with hay in trusses, garlic, onions, biscuits in sacks, peas, beans, cheese-bowls, barley, oats, rye, wheat, wax candles, housings, shoes, boots, helmets, spurs, knives, hatchets, wedges, pick-axes, hooks, wooden pegs, boxes filled with ointments, tow,

¹ All quotations are from the translation by Thos. Johnes.

bandages, coverlids for sleeping on, horse-shoe nails, bottles of verjuice and vinegar, iron, stone-ware, pewter and wooden pots and dishes, candlesticks, basins, vases, fat pigs, hasters, kitchen furniture, utensils for the buttery, and for the other offices, and every article necessary for man or beast, would have been struck with astonishment. The eagerness and pleasure were so great in the beholding it, that, had any one had a fever or a toothache, he would have got rid of them by running from one place to another."

Clisson, the constable of France, who had acquired great influence over the weak and unstable Charles, had a large number of ships built at Treguier, in Brittany. He had also constructed a framework of timber like a town, with walls and bastions and battlements, which was to be taken over to England and there set up "for the lords to retreat to as a place of safety, and to be lodged therein, to prevent any danger that might arise from nightly attacks." It was said to be twenty feet in height, and three thousand paces long; while at every twelve paces there was a tower large enough to contain ten men, and ten feet higher than the rest.

"Money was no more spared than if it had rained gold, or was pumped up from the sea. The great barons of France had sent their servants to Sluys to embark everything they might have occasion for in this expedition; for all were impatient to cross over; and the king, young as he was, showed greater impatience than any. Each lord strove to have his vessel the best supplied, and the most ornamented with painting and gilding, with their arms emblazoned on them, and the flags. Painters made a good harvest, for they were paid whatever they asked, and even with this there were not a sufficiency." Some of the masts were even sheathed with thin plates of gold. "No ornament or decoration could be imagined, but these lords employed it on their vessels. The poor of France paid for all; the taxes were so grievous in that country that the rich complained, and the poorer sorts ran away."

In England, it was at first supposed that these preparations were directed against Calais, at that time an English possession; but when it became apparent that a serious invasion was meant, a complete panic set in—a panic shared in by some of the most highly-placed in the land. But there were some who did not lose their heads. The king, who was in Wales at the time, was recalled to the capital, and a great council was held, in which the Earl of Salisbury took the lead, and in an eloquent speech showed the necessity of union in the face of this great national danger. Prompt measures were taken. It being still doubtful whether Calais might not, after all, be the real object of attack, Harry Percy, already known as Hotspur, was sent thither with reinforcements. The whole nation was called to arms to resist the invasion, but, says Froissart, "There were upwards of one hundred thousand who were desirous the French should come to England, saying, to comfort the weak-hearted, 'Let them come; by God! not a soul shall return back to tell their story.' Such as were in debt, and had not any intention of paying nor wherewithal to do so, were delighted, and said to their creditors, 'Hold your tongues; they are coining florins in France, and we will pay you with them;' and thus they lived extravagantly, and expended largely, for credit was not refused them."

The middle of August had been the time fixed for the invasion, but the departure of the French was delayed owing to the non-arrival of the Duke of Berry, who loitered, having no great desire to go to England; and while the expedition waited for him, a curious episode occurred. Leon, King of Armenia, a member of the House of Lusignan, who had been driven from his kingdom by the Turks, and, after sundry adventures, had settled down in France, took upon himself to mediate between the two states. He came over to England, and was courteously received. His object, he explained, was to negotiate a peace between the two kingdoms. "For this war," he said,

"is not very becoming between them; the long continuance of it has greatly emboldened and raised the pride of the Turks and Saracens. No one now makes any opposition to them; and this has been the cause why I have lost my crown and kingdom; nor have I any chance of recovering them until a firm peace be established in Christendom." Ultimately he was admitted to an audience of the king in council, and having stated his case—with the admission that he had no power to treat on behalf of France—he was answered by the Archbishop of Canterbury in these words: "King of Armenia, it is not usual, nor has it ever been admitted, that in such weighty matters as are now in dispute between the King of England and his adversary of France, the King of England should have requests made him, with an army ready to invade his country. I will therefore declare our opinion, that you return to the French army, and prevail on them to retreat to France; and, when we shall be fully assured that every man has retired to his home, do you return hither, and we will then pay attention to any treaty you shall propose."

The exiled king returned to France

and delivered his message faithfully enough, but the French were determined on the invasion, and paid no heed. Meanwhile, Clisson had come up from Treguler, but not without loss. He had seventy-two ships in all, but some were wrecked and some captured by the English, and among the latter were four which carried part of the portable fortress. Still the Duke of Berry had not arrived, and as the autumn was now far advanced, it became a question whether it was worth while waiting for him.

He did not arrive until the end of November. Meanwhile, on the eve of All Saints, the wind being very favorable, the Armada left Sluys; but it had not gone twenty miles when the wind suddenly changed, and it was driven back with considerable damage. Finally it was decided that the expedition should be deferred until the following spring, but when the spring came the Earl of Arundel, with an English fleet, had the command of the sea, so that the invasion never took place, to the joy of most, though to the disappointment of those who had hoped to pay their debts and enrich themselves with the spoils of the French.

The Yukon Mosquitoes.—Adventurers who are cheered with the prospect of a short but delightful summer up the Yukon River must not reckon without the mosquitoes. Although the Alaska summer is short, two broods of mosquitoes hatch out each year, and are ready for business from one to ten seconds after they leave the water. It rains a good deal along the Yukon, and rain is welcomed, for it drives the mosquitoes to cover. They hide under leaves and branches until the shower is over; then they come out boiling with rage at the time they have been forced to spend in idleness, and the miner has a harder time than ever after his respite. Not only do the Yukon mosquitoes attack

men and overwhelm them, but they drive the moose, deer and caribou up the mountains to the snow line, where these animals would prefer not to be in berry-time. They kill dogs, and even the big brown bear, that is often mis-called a grizzly, has succumbed to them. If bruin runs foul of a swarm of mosquitoes, and has not his wits about him, his day has come. The insects will alight all over him. His fur protects his body, but his eyes, ears and nose will soon be swollen up and bleeding, and unless he gets into a river or a strong wind he will be driven mad and blind, to wander about hopelessly until he starves to death.

